

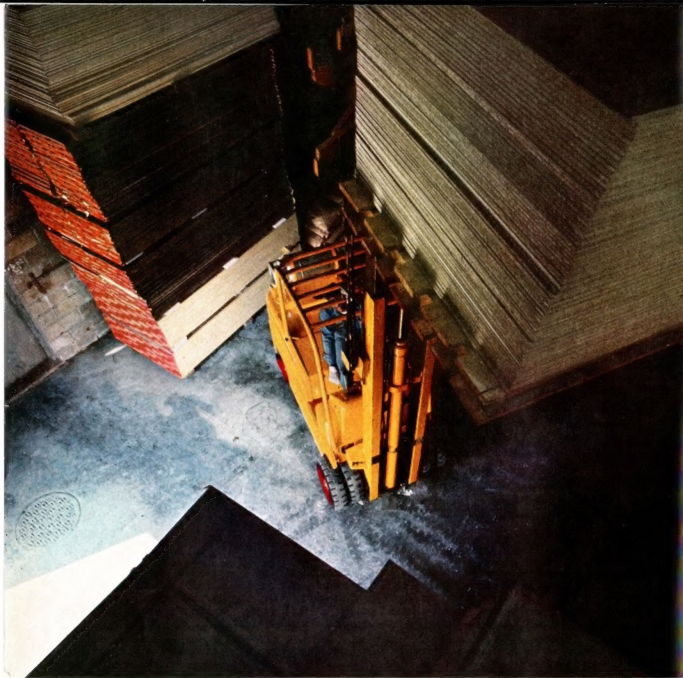
SENATE RACES: California & Others

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

PIERRE
SALINGER

VOL. 84 NO. 16



Allied Chemical's "fumeless" fuel keeps inside air outside-fresh

Industry is rapidly switching to LP-gas as the motor fuel for forklift trucks. Reason: It burns cleanly and completely—saves on costs. Watch a conventionally powered forklift working *inside* a warehouse or factory. Its fuel pollutes the air with deadly carbon monoxide that can often hold up a job. □ Allied Chemical's got a solution—liquefied petroleum gas. LP-gas is *all* fuel. Burns so completely, there's no carbon, no sludge in the engine. No harmful exhausts. □ That's why it's so economical to use. Reduces

operating and maintenance costs, cuts down overhauls—often results in as much as 50% savings! And that's why industry is making LP-gas its number-one choice in motor fuels. □ LP-gas—long a source of heat, refrigeration, and light—is a product of Allied's Union Texas Petroleum. Other Allied divisions produce more than 3,000 basic chemicals geared to all industry's needs. *Your* needs, perhaps. Tell us your problems. We may help you find answers. Write: Allied Chemical Corp., 61 B'way, N. Y. 6, N. Y.



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SOLVAY PROCESS • UNION TEXAS PETROLEUM • IN CANADA: ALLIED CHEMICAL CANADA, LTD., MONTREAL

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serves piping hot

...and icy cold water



Smart idea—this new OASIS Hot 'N Cold Water Cooler that mounts flush to the wall and up off the floor. All plumbing concealed. Trim, slim, modern lines. Bright carefree stainless steel top. A bubbler that levels with you... no surprising spurt.

But the smartest idea is *yours* when you get any style OASIS Hot 'N Cold Water Cooler, On-A-Wall or free standing. OASIS puts coffee-break refreshment where the work is. Hot drinks. Cold drinks. Soup. Water. Instant pleasure for your people. No travel time. No wait time. No wasted time. Smart way to get your idea off the ground and on a wall is to use the coupon.

EBCO Mfg. Co., 265 N. Hamilton Rd.
Dept. A-32, Columbus, Ohio 43213

Please send me a certificate for free instant beverage assortment and booklet, "OASIS Makes Water A Business Asset."

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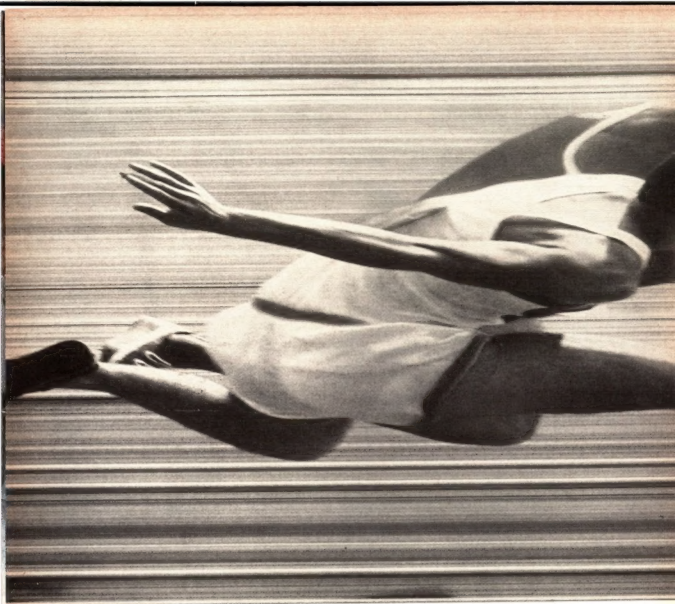
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Sold or rented everywhere. Products of **EBCO** See the Yellow Pages. Also: OASIS Humidifiers and Dehumidifiers.

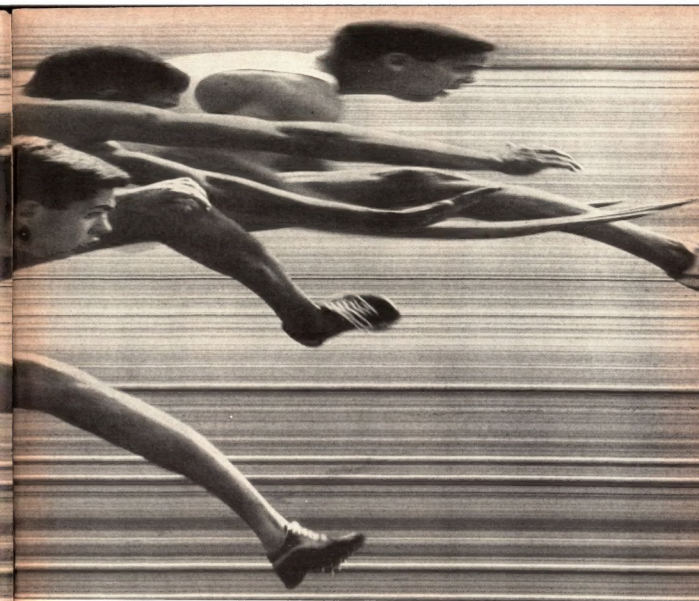
TIME is published weekly, at \$9.00 per year, by TIME Inc., at 585 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60611. Second class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices.



Photofinish camera snaps hurdlers in practice. IBM computers help bring you Olympic results faster.

Speed!

**Seconds after each dash, leap and splash,
IBM computers help you get Olympic scores**



TOKYO—1964. It's the biggest, busiest, most complicated Olympic competition in history. There are nearly 7000 athletes from 98 different nations. They are competing in 4000 different contests, supervised by some 5000 judges and officials.

As many as 25 different competitions will be taking place at the same time—at sites as far as 94 miles from Tokyo.

How in the world can anyone keep up with them all? It's being done at electronic speed with an IBM Tele-processing system.

IBM computers flash the news

Each second, this computer network flashes news as it is happening to reporters at 32 Olympic sites. In minutes, the official scores are on worldwide news networks.

Stored in these computers are rosters of

every event and every athlete, along with an encyclopedia of Olympic sports information.

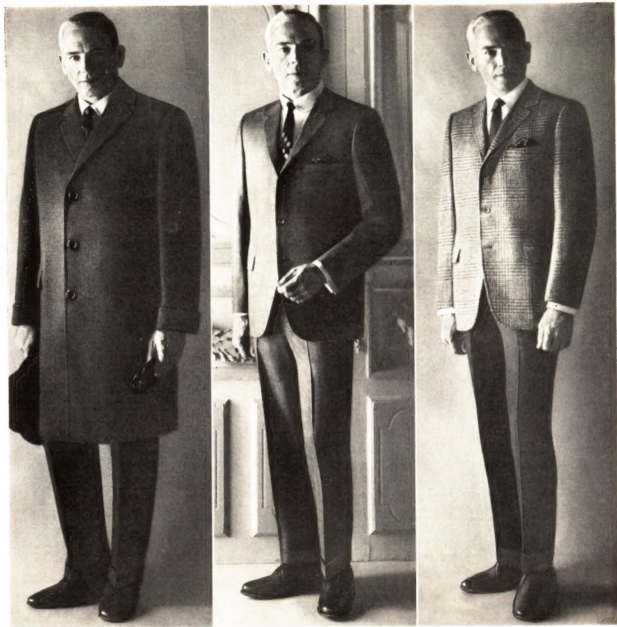
The capacity and speed of computers enable them to carry on hundreds of different tasks at the same time. They enable you to keep up with yacht races at Enoshima, 37 miles south of Tokyo, and equestrian matches 94 miles north.

Judging is simplified with computers. In gymnastic and diving competitions, computers record the points each judge awards, then calculate all the final scores in seconds.

As the Olympic games end, the computers will have completed a full statistical record of all events—in three languages. In previous Olympics, this same job took months.

Computers don't think, but they speedily correlate thousands of facts to bring you the fastest, smoothest Olympic scoring in history.

IBM®



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(and outercoated and sport coated and slacked)

That richly conservative look of affluence and influence can be yours in a complete 'Botany' 500 wardrobe tailored with the dedicated Daroff Personal Touch, a passion for perfection in tailoring, fashion and quality. The 'Botany' 500 Classic Compatible outercoat is made to order to fit the 'Botany' 500 suit. The 'Botany' 500 Classic sport coat and slacks have the same status look that

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THE TOTAL WARDROBE WITH THE PERSONAL TOUCH



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How to make any executive feel like the Chairman of the Board

(Desk set by Sheaffer)

Whatever the gift-giving occasion, you couldn't pick a more appropriate present for a man on the way up.

A Sheaffer Desk Set is a compliment to his good taste... a combination of your choice of richly styled bases and of famous Sheaffer fountain pens with cartridge-filling action, superbly crafted with 14-K



gold points, kept writing-moist in exclusive airtight sockets.

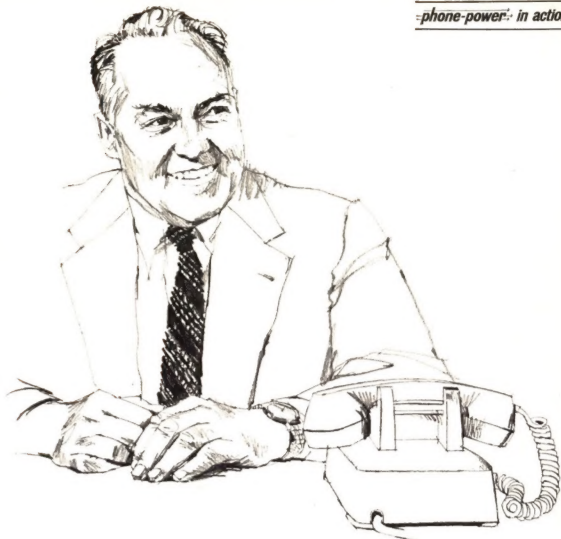
When he actually becomes Chairman of the Board, and for many years thereafter, he will continue to remember your thoughtfulness each time he reaches for the Sheaffer pen that you gave him "on the way up."



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Choose from a wide variety of Sheaffer Desk Sets at your retailer's, or write for free catalog: W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Department T-104, Fort Madison, Iowa. (Set shown, in brilliant jet crystal, \$20.00. Available with personalized monogram.)

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**"WE HANDLE REPEAT SALES BY LONG DISTANCE.
NOW OUR SALESMEN CONCENTRATE ON NEW BUSINESS"**

says J. Louis Reynolds, President, Eskimo Pie Corporation, Richmond, Virginia

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"The Telephone Company helped us train six salesmen in selling by Long Distance. Now we call customers, get repeat sales and give top-quality service.

"Our personal-contact salesmen now spend 85% of their time developing new business.

Franchises are being added every month, and sales are going up steadily."

Find out other ways Long Distance can help you. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office and ask for a communications consultant to contact you.



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Four great masculine fragrances. The Yardley one is brand new.

It's called Yardley Black Label After Shave. It does not smell like flowers. It does not smell like spice.

It does not smell like anything your wife would wear. (She'll love it. But she won't steal it.)

Black Label is a vigorous, pungent fragrance, designed for the modern man.

We've instilled it in an after shave that does the most

possible good for your skin. (Helps heal nicks, prevent infection. Keeps skin lubricated, moist, comfortable after shaving.)

If you'd like to try it, buy a bottle. (\$1 plus tax.) Use it for a couple of weeks. If you don't like it—send it back and we'll return your money.

We won't be mad. Just surprised. **Yardley**



With all the talk about Comet durability | you might overlook Comet beauty. | Don't.

Sure, Comet became World's 100,000-Mile Durability Champion. (Remember Daytona last year?) But now see what we've added to all that ruggedness. Shiny good looks from every angle. Clean, crisp

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Mercury Comet

the world's 100,000-mile durability champion



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, October 14

ELECTION EVE IN BRITAIN (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.) Summary of the British election campaign.

OLYMPICS 1964 (NBC, 11:15-11:30 p.m.) Beginning of Olympic track events and the final of men's freestyle 400-meter relay in swimming.

Friday, October 16

BOB HOPE COMEDY SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.) Bob plays a bungling marriage broker who persuades three rowdy cowboys, Aldo Ray, Rod Cameron and Sonny Tufts, to order up three Eastern brides. Rhonda Fleming, Jill St. John and Marilyn Maxwell, Color.

12 O'CLOCK HIGH (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.) Peter Tonda appears as a promising young lieutenant who goes AWOL after meeting a blonde (Jill Haworth) on a three-day leave.

Saturday, October 17

EXPLORING (NBC, 12 noon-1 p.m.) This children's series delves into the mysteries of migration not only of birds and animals but also of people to the New World.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.) The Pendleton Roundup Rodeo from Pendleton, Ore., lassoes together top cowboy contenders in this year's rodeo competition.

Sunday, October 18

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30-12 noon) A look at the space equipment under construction for the first moon landings, with photographs of the moon showing that it is far more complex than green cheese.

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 10-11 p.m.) An adaptation of the off-Broadway musical hit *The Fantasticks*. Ricardo Montalban plays the Spanish bandit who narrates the fanciful love story of two young people whose respective fathers (Hert Lahr and Stanley Holloway) devise zany schemes to bring them together by keeping them apart. Color.

Tuesday, October 20

WORLD WAR I (CBS, 8-8:30 p.m.) U-boat warfare up to and including the torpedoing of the *Lusitania* (May 1915).
THE DOCTORS AND THE NURSES (CBS, 10-11 p.m.) Merrie Spatch, one of the scene-stealing youngsters in *The World of Henry Orient*, makes her television debut as a hospitalized high-school girl who is unaware that she has leukemia.

THEATER

The new season is setting Broadway marquees ablaze again, though the hold-over shows still predominate. Of the long-runs, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* is still incontestably the best of the musicals, and *The Subject Was Roses* the best of the straight dramatic plays. The top comedy distance runners are *Barefoot in the Park* and, if there is anyone left who hasn't seen it, *Mary, Mary*.

The season just started provides three fine, fresh and funny items:

○ **WHAT A LOVELY WAR**, Mockingly ironic, tender, fratricide and tragic, this

© All times E.D.T.

musical revolves around the unlikely subject of the follies of World War I. Blending English music-hall sentimentality with Brechtian savagery, *Lovely War* is an unsettling and not-to-be-forgotten theatrical experience.

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF strays far from Broadway to record the gentle joys and occasional sorrows of a Jewish community in a Russian town in 1905. In his finest performance to date, Zero Mostel gives this musical an unflinching heartbeat.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO erupts with steady laughter as an academic scientist tangles with an org man from corporation land.

RECORDS

Chamber Music

BRITTEN: STRING QUARTET NO. 2 (London). Written to commemorate the 250th anniversary of the death of Purcell, this quartet is an architectural tour de force, requiring four lone instruments to construct a stately musical monument. Britten's impressive Amadeus Quartet does the job with distinction.

MOZART: CLARINET QUINTET (London). Serenity and a sense of finality characterize the music Mozart wrote two years before his death. In this harmonious performance, strings and clarinet melt magically together as they trade melodies and take turns outlining the airy ornaments. Members of the Vienna Octet are the players, with Alfred Boskovsky the superb clarinetist.

GIANNI FRANCESCO MALPIERO: RISPETTI E STRAMBOTTI FOR STRING QUARTET (Nonesuch). The highly melodious, archaic music of the 82-year-old Italian composer too seldom gets a hearing. Abandoning formal movements, he has strung together 20 "stanzas" in celebration of old Italian poetry. He also celebrates the sound of strings, even reveling in what seem like tuning-up exercises. There is a contagious spontaneity in this reissue by the Stuyvesant Quartet, who on the other side play Hindemith's youthful and exuberant String Quartet No. 2.

HAYDN: QUARTETS OPUS 3, NO. 5; OPUS 33, NO. 2; OPUS 76, NO. 2 (London). A sampling from three periods of Haydn's music, malleable in the early history of the string quartet. The earliest, nicknamed "The Screamers," sounds like party music played by strolling strings. "The Joke" is more serious; its nickname comes from Haydn's wager that the ladies would talk before the music ended. The last of the three shows Haydn at his richest and most complex. The members of the Janáček Quartet from Czechoslovakia play the works from memory, but they play as one.

PASTORALES (Columbia). Rustic airs of high spirits and low specific gravity that display the virtuosity of the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. Mostly 20th century works, the eight pieces include a folksy fresh *Walking Tune* by Percy Grainger, a catchy early song by Stravinsky, and some skimmer sketches by Darius Milhaud.

WILLIAM WALTON: FAÇADE (Decca). At the 1923 London premiere of *Facade*, Edith Sitwell read her poems, with their witty musical accompaniment by her young friend Walton, into the mouth of a mask painted on the curtain hiding her from view. Public and critics alike pronounced the evening an outrage. But the

If you open
Ballantine's
famous bottle...

see this
remarkably
light Scotch...



taste
its
pleasing
smooth-
ness
...and
still
don't
like it,



(maybe you
just don't like
remarkably
smooth and
light Scotch.)



Ocean travel will never be the same after the new



Arriving New York April 30th; Eastbound Maiden Voyage May 4th.

except



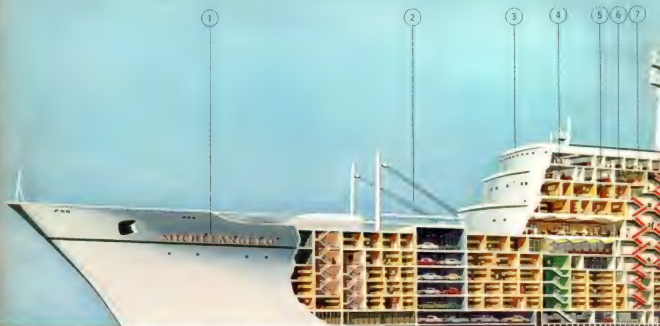
Michelangelo ...

Around New York April 2nd, Eastbound Maiden Voyage: April 9th



on the new Raffaello! Both coming next spring ...

Please turn the page



Inside story of Italian Line's two newest, biggest, fastest

1. MAGNIFICENT NEW SHIPS: Designed for superb 3-class passenger service. Aerodynamic styling by Italo, sleek & efficient. Each ship has a standard plus deck-converted bridge—elevated decks, gross tonnage of 43,000, overall length of 707 feet, height of 76 feet to upper condenser—operates in any weather. Top speed 29 knots, cruising speed 26 1/2 knots.



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3. A SMOOTH CROSSING: A assisted by the newest Denny-Brown stabilizers, the most efficient in the world with gyroscopic anti-rolling system. And the ship will give average of same 200 miles per hour in the rough, through the Bermuda High, so the sea is calmer all year around.



4. TRINATION TRAINING: The chef, maître, stewardess and stewards are trained to serve Italian Line hotel schools, then train in both English and French hotels. The charm of courteous, thoughtful service that "speaks your language" is always at your call. (You'll wonder how you ever managed without it before!)



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6. DIRECT RAIL SIGNALS: The ship has a direct rail signal. The ship has a direct rail signal. The ship has a direct rail signal. The ship has a direct rail signal.



7. A SMOOTH CROSSING: A assisted by the newest Denny-Brown stabilizers, the most efficient in the world with gyroscopic anti-rolling system. And the ship will give average of same 200 miles per hour in the rough, through the Bermuda High, so the sea is calmer all year around.



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10. EXHIBITION DRIVING: Exhibition driving is a new service. Exhibition driving is a new service. Exhibition driving is a new service. Exhibition driving is a new service.



11. PROGRESSIVE BALLROOMS: Progressive ballrooms are a new service. Progressive ballrooms are a new service. Progressive ballrooms are a new service. Progressive ballrooms are a new service.



12. MODERN BATHROOMS: Modern bathrooms are a new service. Modern bathrooms are a new service. Modern bathrooms are a new service. Modern bathrooms are a new service.



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has twice the traction of ordinary station wagons.



Who always gets out of the mud first? You—in your 'Jeep' Wagoneer.

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A card stunt in a stadium requires cards galore. But why should you have to carry a collection of cards for credit? You don't, when a Carte Blanche card is all you need.

For instance, Carte Blanche is not only honored at more than 7,000 fine restaurants all over the world, but it's also the only credit card endorsed by the National Restaurant Association.

Carte Blanche also gives you coast-to-coast credit at thousands of major service stations, at over 3,000 car rental agencies, and with many of the leading airlines.



Your Carte Blanche card is honored by all the Hilton Hotels and Inns the world over, plus 4,000 other fine hotels and motels.

And, though you may never need it, it's nice to know a Carte Blanche card immediately guarantees your credit at more than 1,300 hospitals in all 50 states.

No wonder so many men from the old cash-and-carry school have suddenly become Carte Blanche fans.

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The piece of facial tissue shown in this unretouched photograph was used to clean a Tar Gard. Smeared on the tissue are the hot tars and gluey soots that Tar Gard captured from a single pack of filter cigarettes.

Tar Gard is one of the most important advances in protective smoking ever developed. Operating on a principle of aerodynamics, it traps irritating hot tars before they're inhaled into your system. Yet it leaves the flavor and aroma and satisfaction of smoking unimpaired.

Tar Gard is priced at \$2.95. A bargain. Especially since there are no cartridges or replacements and particularly since the manufacturer will refund the price within 30 days after purchase if for any reason you are not fully satisfied.

If you smoke, you owe it to yourself to buy a Tar Gard — and see for yourself. Tar Gard Company, San Francisco, California.

TAR GARD.



musical "entertainment" has been revived again and again, currently in this recording by Actress Hermione Gingold and Countertenor Russell Oberlin, with Thomas Dunn conducting the small chamber ensemble. Unfortunately for them, Dame Lulih herself, with Peter Pears, has performed the work for London Records. Where Gingold dramatizes the poem, Sitwell chants her surrealistic lines like hypnotist, sometimes at breakneck speed. "We sought to reach a country between music and poetry, like the border between waking and dreaming," Sir Osbert Sitwell has explained. Gingold and Oberlin are too wide-awake.

CINEMA

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY All the horror, humor and humanity of Brian Moore's novel are captured in this time-sensitive film about a big Irish bruiser whose wife alone knows that he is really just a middle-aged child. Played to perfection by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure.

TOPKAPI Director Jules Dassin (*Rebel Without a Cause*) lightens larceny with laughter as Melina Mercouri and Peter Ustinov head a crook's tour of exotic Istanbul in pursuit of four fabulous emeralds.

THE APE WOMAN A girl who looks similar becomes a meal ticket for the con man who exploits her austerity in this ferociously funny Italian comedy about the beastliness of Homo sapiens.

MARY POPPINS Julie Andrews proves she is a girl to confute with in Walt Disney's droll musical fantasy about a London nanny who slides up banisters and performs all sorts of diverting miracles.

I'D RATHER BE RICH In this surprisingly sprightly comedy, Sandra Dee occupies an aerie romantic triangle with Andy Williams and Robert Goulet while Hermione Gingold and Maurice Chevalier sharpen its points.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED A young girl's dishonor sets off a sunny Sicilian nightmare in Director Pietru Giusti's savage tragedy, which is less warm but no less wicked than his memorable *De-force-Italian Style*.

RHINO! African melodrama as it should be done—with scenic splendor and crackling humor—tied to a timely story about a hunt for a pair of rare white rhinos.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES A skillful British director, Desmond Davis, and a superlative British actress, Rita Tushingnet, transform this rather banal tale of a young girl's affair with a middle-aged author into a movie of unusual warmth and wit.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT Hitting hard a false note, the Beatles shrewdly play the Beatles in a comedy that is yeah, yeah, yeah nearly all the way.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE DIARY OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. The son of John Quincy and the father of Henry, Charles Francis lacked the dash and eloquence, but not the recording zeal, of the more famous members of his remarkable family. These first two of 18 volumes planned by the publishers show that as a youth he had a biting wit, a contempt for politics, and a "peculiar" susceptibility to comely young ladies.

THE WORDS, by Jean-Paul Sartre. After a series of increasingly labored, metaphysically morose works, Sartre has written a clear-eyed, warm, but very sad

**When you fly to Tokyo
from New York or Chicago,
you don't have to
switch airlines,
change planes,
lay over
or go 2,000 miles
out of your way.**

**Not when you fly
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See how much shorter it is to take Northwest to the Orient. Compared to flying the long way (down across the mid-Pacific), you save up to 2,000 miles and as much as 8 hours' traveling time.

No doubt about it.
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You fly in a straight line, too. Our Northwest route to the Orient is the shortest there is. We fly you to Seattle or Anchorage—then non-stop to Tokyo. (No layovers on the way.) Your trip is up to 2,000 miles shorter—and hours faster—than flying the roundabout way across the mid-Pacific.

When you stop and think about

it, it just makes good sense to fly to the Orient on Northwest.

You can choose from 12 Fan-Jets weekly to Tokyo from New York, Chicago and Seattle (including the only non-stop flights from Seattle—8 weekly). Northwest also flies to Manila, Okinawa, Taipei and Seoul. Excellent connections to Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore—all the Orient.





A Comfort to Know

So famously smart, you wouldn't suspect that these were Florsheim comfort shoes—unless, of course, you were standing in them. And they're cushioned (well, both above and beneath the inside). No halfway measures with Florsheim. Just pure comfort and style.

Most Florsheim shoes \$19.95 to \$24.95

Top: The STANFORD in black or portwine cut.
Bottom: The GLENVIEW in black or portwine cut.



account of his early years, which were outwardly placid and pampered, inwardly tormented. The despair of modern existentialism, it turns out, is partly rooted in the struggle for sanity of a bookish, lonely child.

THIS GERMANY, by Rudolf Leonhardt. In a series of provocative essays, a West German journalist tries to clear up the many mysteries of the German character.

THE ITALIANS, by Luigi Barzini. Foreigners often love Italy for the wrong reasons, thinks one brilliant Italian journalist, who goes on to consider his countrymen in damaging detail. Italians are whims, says Barzini, and what is worse they believe their own act; the result is a distrust of idealism and a retreat into cynicism.

VIVE MOI! by Sean O'Faolain. It took this Irish novelist 30 years to come to terms with his provincial Irish upbringing in an engaging autobiography, he records the painful process and the dilemma of a man forever "impaled on one green corner of the universe."

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Charles Chaplin. In his account of his flamboyant life, the great comedian describes his miserably poor childhood in London in fascinating detail. Unfortunately, when he turns to love, politics, and even his happy fourth marriage to Oona O'Neill, he scants both fact and feeling in favor of the name-dropping prose of a standard show-biz autobiography.

REMINISCENCES, by Douglas MacArthur. The generosity and wisdom that characterized his leadership in the reconstruction of Japan are told with restraint, his firing by Truman in Korea as bitterly as if it had happened yesterday. A good writer, MacArthur comes through as a proud, realistic, and yet oddly romantic man.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. This long-awaited novel will not quite establish Bellow in his long-reserved place in the U.S. literary pantheon. Though the writing and the characterizations are often brilliant, Anti-Hero Herzog is too passive and maudlin to carry a plot to a wholly satisfactory conclusion.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Candy, Southern and Hofferberg (1 last week)
2. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (2)
3. Herzog, Bellow (8)
4. Julian, Vidal (7)
5. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (5)
6. Armageddon, Uris (4)
7. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (3)
8. This Rough Magic, Stewart (6)
9. The Man, Wallace (10)
10. A Mother's Kisses, Friedman (9)

NONFICTION

1. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (1)
2. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (2)
3. Reminiscences, MacArthur
4. The Italians, Barzini (4)
5. Harlow, Shulman (3)
6. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (5)
7. My Autobiography, Chaplin (8)
8. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (10)
9. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver (7)
10. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (9)

Today, Tommy delivered 82 morning papers.

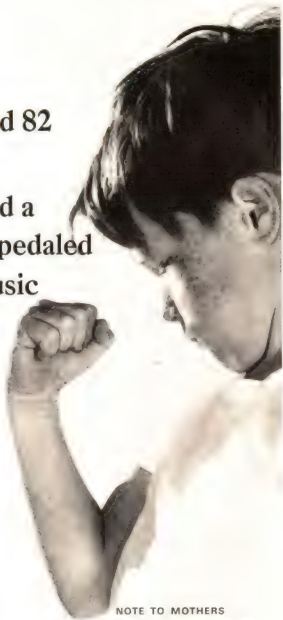
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TO BUY HIS WIFE *(sarish sarish sarish!)*
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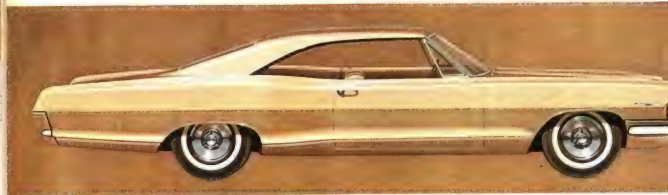
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LETTERS

Justice Black's Record

Sir: That was an extraordinarily good cover piece on Black and the Supreme Court. Although you quite properly quote Paul Freund, Frankfurter's disciple and successor at Harvard, as somewhat critical of the Court's new activist trend, you also quote to the same effect an unnamed Yale professor, thus giving the impression that Yale shares Harvard's disquiet. But the fact is that the man you quote is, like Freund, Harvard-and-Frankfurter trained and oriented.

By far the bulk of us in the constitutional law field here at Yale are delighted, not disquieted, that the Court has turned to the Black-Douglas philosophy.

FRED RODELL
Professor of Law

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sir: Your account of the modern Supreme Court was incisive and well written. The vigorous support given to antitrust legislation by this Court could also have been cited as an example of progressive activism, helping to preserve a system of competitive enterprise. In my opinion, the present Court will be regarded historically as the finest since the days of Chief Justice John Marshall.

WILLIAM N. LEONARD

Hofstra University
Hempstead, N.Y.

Sir: The story of Hugo Black hits a new high mark in commenting on law for laymen.

I wonder what would have happened to great Hugo if he had not been so much of a teetotaler or if he had ever, as I once challenged him to do, joined me at the Stork Club with Broun, Benchley and Thurber?

MORRIS L. ERNST

New York City

► Justice Black was indeed a teetotaler until the age of 65, but now drinks an occasional "orange bourbon." Virginia Gentleman and orange juice on the rocks.—Ed.

Sir: You are to be commended for a forthright explication of the mechanics of the Court, the character of its Justices, and for an affirmation of the institution's essential nature—the most reliable curator of individual liberties that a free society has yet been able to devise.

KEN LANGSDORF

St. Louis

Justice Warren's Report

Sir: Whilst we all knew that Lee Oswald was guilty [Oct. 2], this report gave us the confidence that no shadow of doubt remained and that this degenerate was the man who so untimely curbed the life of a man whose magnitude has never been equaled.

J. AVRAMESCU

Haifa, Israel

Sir: The Warren Commission simply would not dare to let out any other verdict than the one now made public, because everybody wanted so badly to believe this was the way it happened. The whole nation would be in turmoil if the Commission had disclosed something to support the "rumors." Now the majority of people are lulled into believing that Kennedy was shot by one mentally disturbed person—and he in turn by another—under the watchful eye of the law. It's a good thing nobody shot Ruby. It could have set off a chain reaction of Americans killing each other one by one.

MATTI FORSS

Helsinki, Finland

Sir: I was interested to see Lee Oswald's pseudonym, "Alek James Hidell." Note that "Hidell" can be considered a contraction for "Hide" and "Jekell." It seems to me that we have here some evidence—of a speculative psychodynamic sort—that in the adoption of this pseudonym, Oswald gave (unconscious?) recognition to his own mentally unbalanced identity.

JACK SHAND

Associate Professor, Psychology
Gettysburg College
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sir: One of your pictures leaves me very confused. The itinerary shown by the red arrow places the President very close to the Book Depository building on Elm Street. Kennedy might very well be alive had the motorcade followed the logical trajectory: straight along Main Street. What was that detour to Elm Street for?

BEL DE PINHO

Toronto, Ont.

► The most direct route to the Trade Mart, where Kennedy was to have spoken, was via Stemmons Freeway. A concrete traffic barrier and "No Turn" signs prevent traffic from turning from Main onto the freeway, but not from Elm Street.—Ed.

Sir: I wonder how it can be explained that Secret Service Agent Kellerman heard

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the President say, "My God, I am hit," while the medical evidence shows that the first bullet ripped his windpipe. Could the President have been able to talk if his windpipe had been injured?

RUDOLF BENDA, M.D.

Austinville, Va.

► The bullet only nicked his windpipe and did not sever it.—Ed.

Preachers in Politics

Sir: My statement on Goldwater's candidacy [Oct. 9] was contained in a sermon as rabbi of Temple B'nai Abraham, and not as president of the American Jewish Congress, which is a nonpartisan organization. The fact that Senator Goldwater has seen fit not to repudiate the support of ultra-right-wing extremist groups, for example, seems to me a matter of profound concern. I considered it my duty as rabbi to speak out on these dangers. Some of the letters I have received as a reaction to my sermon, containing the most vitriolic and anti-Semitic attacks I have ever seen, bear out my contention.

RAHMI JOYCHIM PRINZ

New York City

Sir: To any of the ministers or priests who have dubbed Barry Goldwater an "extremist," I have only one comment: all the great heroes of the faith such as Moses, Noah, Christ and the Apostles would today be called "extremists." Praise God for these voices in the wilderness!

G. RENE HALL

Clawson, Mich.

Sir: I am weary of hearing that "ministers and priests should stick to saving souls and leave politics alone" from people who certainly know nothing about saving souls and probably little about politics and who, after the smoke clears, are often the first to ask why the church didn't do something! Any clergyman may tell you that he is in the most damned-if-you-do-damned-if-you-don't calling in the world!

(THE REV.) KIL-RAN MARTIN

St. Francis of Assisi Church
Brooklyn

Sir: As solace to these men of the cloth, may I quote a minister who in 1796 when Jefferson became Vice President prayed, "O Lord! Wilt Thou bestow upon the Vice President a double portion of Thy grace, for Thou knowest he needs it."

V. JOHNSON

Saginaw, Mich.

Matter of Statistics

Sir: Re your article on the Philippines [Oct. 9], you wrote that our unemployment is 6% of our population and that our average income is only \$120 per annum. Actually, our unemployment is 600,000 out of a labor force of 11 million and population of 30 million. This is only 6% of the labor force, or 2% of the population. Our per capita income is \$120, the third highest in Asia. Our average income is \$360 per annum.

HILARION M. HENARES JR.

Chairman.

National Economic Council
Manila

Eisenhower (Earl) v. Stevenson (III)

Sir: The letter by young Adlai Stevenson III [Oct. 2] contains several erroneous statements about Charles Percy that deserve to be corrected. Percy declared throughout the Republican primary campaign that he would support the president.



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tial-candidate choice of the Illinois delegation because he wanted to be judged strictly on his merits as a gubernatorial candidate. The 1964 Republican platform does not repudiate the 1960 platform; in fact, it explicitly states that it reaffirms all pledges in the 1960 platform still relevant in 1964. Percy went to great lengths to record his vote on every amendment. He voted against the civil rights amendment because it would have weakened the civil rights plank instead of strengthening it. He voted for Governor Romney's extremism amendment. Finally, Percy has supported the Fair Employment Practices Act in Illinois because he thinks it exemplifies Lincoln's principle that "wanting to work should be encouraged." He has consistently opposed open occupancy because experience in other states proves that it is an ineffective, bad law.

EARL EISENHOWER

LaGrange Park, Ill.

Ultrasound Surgery

Sir: As a member of the eye-care profession, I was impressed with your presentation concerning ultrasonic surgery. I wondered, however, why the newest surgical techniques should be coupled with the oldest and most unsatisfactory method of optically correcting post-cataract surgery. The thick glass lens will limit the young man to a monocular, or one-eyed existence caused by magnification differences between his two eyes. Wouldn't a contact lens be more satisfactory?

MICHAEL S. KIRSCH, O.D.

Newburgh, N.Y.

► If Jimmy Cassidy ever regains *vision* in his injured eye, he will be fitted with a contact lens.—Ed.

Rome & Religious Freedom

Sir: I was a bit disturbed by the *TIME* story that said that I was the "principal author of the declaration" on religious freedom [Oct. 2]. This is not true. I had nothing to do with the text that was submitted at the session, though I did write a formidable set of footnotes for it.

JOHN COURINAY MURRAY, S.J.

Rome

Elvis Beats the Beatles

Sir: Allow us to clarify your statement that implied that more Beattle records have been sold than Presley records [Oct. 2]. You undoubtedly refer to the certification awards by the Record Industry Association, which date back only to 1958. Some of Mr. Presley's biggest hits on single were produced in prior years.

HENRY BRIEF

Record Industry
Association of America
New York City

Address: Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Room 400, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10008

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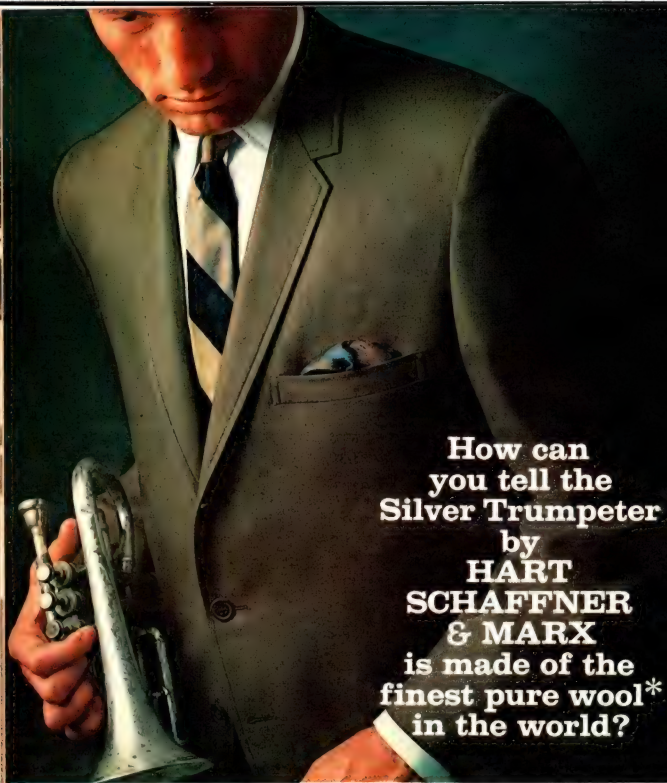
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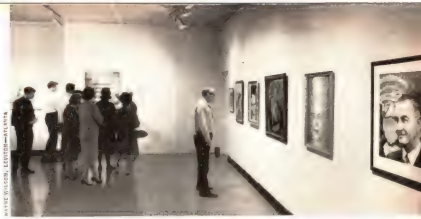
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COVER PORTRAITS ON SHOW IN ATLANTA

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bentley M. Auer

MORE than any other publication in the world, *TIME* makes consistent use of and gives international exposure to the art of portraiture. Our cover is almost always a painting of an individual by a contemporary artist, who not only limns a likeness but also makes a statement through his treatment of both the subject and the background. Last week a new exhibition of original paintings for the cover of *TIME* opened a North American tour at the Atlanta Art Association.

When TIME readers see such a collection of cover paintings, they often express surprise at the wide variety of styles, sizes and mediums. The new show contains 60 works (the number will vary from city to city, depending on the space available in galleries and museums), done in oil, charcoal, tempera, oil on gesso, ink and wash, and pen and ink. The wide variety is not surprising when it is noted that the paintings are the work of 19 different artists. They include some of the world's leading portraitists: Pietro Annigoni, Boris Artzybasheff, Ernest Hamlin Baker, Aaron Bohrod, René Boulic, Bernard Buffet, Boris Chaliapin, James Chapin, William Dobell, Guy Rowe ("Giro"), Russell Hoban, Joe Jones, John Koch, Henry Koerner, Bernard Safran, Ben Shahn, Rufino Tamayo, Robert Vickrey and Henriette Wyeth Hurd.

After Atlanta, where the exhibition will be on view until Oct. 28th, it will move on to the J. B. Speed Art Museum in Louisville, Akron Art Institute, George Sherman Union at Boston University, Tennessee Fine Arts Center in Nashville, Vancouver Art Gallery, Royal Ontario Museum at the University of Toronto, Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, Willistead Art Gallery of Windsor (Ontario), Seattle Art Museum, Denver Art Museum, Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, Salt Lake Art Center, M. H. De Young Memorial Museum in San Francisco, Fine Arts Gallery of San Diego, Phoenix Art Museum, and Milwaukee Art Center.

We get a great satisfaction, of course, in giving TIME readers an opportunity to see the original cover paintings. Beyond this, however, we hope that this effort will add to the public interest in and appreciation of the old and honored art of portraiture. Through the years, as artistic fashions changed and technology advanced, the human face has been blurred by the visions of the impressionists, broken up and reassembled by the cubists, lost entirely in abstraction—and caught in the glaring lens of the camera. We believe that the portraitist, looking beneath the surface and illuminating character, will continue to have an important place in journalism—and in history.

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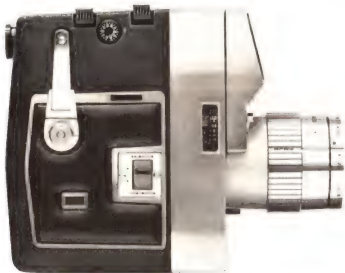
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Meet the Green Bay Packers: Front Row—81 Fleming, Cochran, 74 Jordan, 47 Whitten, 86 Dowler, 63 Thurston, 31 Taylor, 5 Monrue, 15 Starr, 82 Alonzo, Hacker, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. Second Row—Austin, 44 Kramer, 21 Kiser, 73 Kosteik, 41 Gremminger, 66 Niska, 85 McGee, 88 Currie, 35 Mesnik, 70 Henry, 23 Norton, 3rd Row—34 Wood, Miller, 11 Bratkowski, Poppler, 83 Robinson, 75 Grigg, 60 Cattoy, 25 Moore, 76 Skoronski, 61 Grimm, 78 Mastory, 27 Pitts, Bengtson. Standing—26 Adlerley, 73 Hanner, 87 Davis.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

October 16, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 16

THE NATION

THE CAMPAIGN

The Essence of Johnsonism

The pace of the presidential campaign was quickening. Lyndon Johnson, Barry Goldwater, Hubert Humphrey and Bill Miller all were out-hitting the hustings as hard as they could. Both Johnson and Goldwater made major political appearances on national television. To the President, the choice was whether the U.S. "will move ahead by building on the solid structure created by forward-looking men of both parties over the past 30 years. Or whether we will begin to tear down this structure and move in a radically different, and—I believe—a deeply dangerous direction." To Goldwater, the TV presentation was an occasion for simplifying complex issues, such as that of a balanced federal budget: "When we live within our income, the dollar has stability; when we live outside our income, the dollar has instability."

Help from the Moderates. As the campaign entered its final weeks, Goldwater was getting some much-needed help from leaders of moderate Republicanism. New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who had been notably silent about the national Republican ticket, now said publicly that he was for "Barry and Bill all the way," praised Goldwater as "a man of courage and integrity who has not ducked the issues."

Dick Nixon, in the midst of a cross-country campaign trip, declared in Chicago: "President Johnson's attack on Senator Goldwater on the NATO nuclear weapons issue is political demagoguery at its worst. It is Johnson's, not Goldwater's, position on this issue which is reckless and irresponsible."

Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, who went down to the wire against Goldwater in San Francisco, wound up an eight-state speaking tour for Goldwater. In Stratford, Conn., Scranton deftly criticized Johnson's Administration by comparing it unfavorably with the Kennedy Administration. "The Johnson Administration," said Scranton, "has washed away the last vestiges of the style and grace that a new generation of Americans forged in

the 1960 elections. The national Administration welters in a sea of clichés, of easy answers that are no answers at all, in a boisterous atmosphere that has no style and—most Americans fear—little depth either."

As for Goldwater himself, he let it be known that he was changing his strategy, would no longer discuss "nipping issues," from now on would couch his campaign in broad terms of the virtues of conservatism as opposed

a popular consensus has already chosen the holder course.

Johnsonism means effective action to get a major bill passed (civil rights) or a major annoyance done away with (such as Congressional efforts toward curbing the Supreme Court's redistricting decision). Johnsonism scorns the adage that a statesman is known by the enemies he has made, and believes that it is possible to do something for everybody. It calls for an identification with the entire populace, and using the populace's own words to talk to it. It is part sentimentality, part love: part forceful action, part slick derring-do. It believes unswervingly in the present and thinks the future can be better—under the benign guidance of Johnsonism.

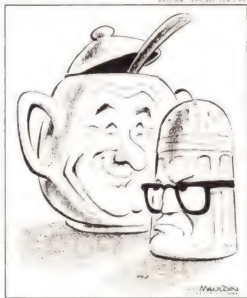
The Joy of Being Beloved

"I hope," said President Johnson in New Orleans, "if you do what you think is right, that somehow or other it is the same thing that I think is right. But if it is not, I won't question your patriotism. I won't question your Americanism. I won't question your ancestry. I may—quietly, in the sanctity of our bedroom—whisper to Lady Bird my own personal opinion about your judgment."

Lyndon does not just want to be elected in November. He does not merely want the biggest landslide in history. He wants to feel himself beloved by everybody. Last week, in the course of his barnstorming trip through 15 states, he thought he saw evidence that he is.

"A Nation of Lovers." His crowds were big and enthusiastic. He drew 200,000 in Des Moines, where Democratic Governor Harold Hughes told him: "This is the greatest reception in the history of Iowa." He attracted 70,000 in Peoria, Ill., and Democratic Senator Paul Douglas said that Lyndon's were "the largest crowds I've ever seen in central Illinois." Some 250,000 jammed downtown Louisville for his motorcade, 85,000 shouldered their way into Nashville's War Memorial Square, 40,000 assembled in Indianapolis.

At various times, the President sucked on gumdrops to ease a hoarse throat, threw a high school band off key by marching into its midst to autograph



"SUGAR & SALT"
Love v. "Socialism."

to liberalism—which in his lexicon comes out as "Socialism."

And what about Lyndon Johnson? Last week he was out campaigning as if his life depended on it, expressing the philosophy that historians may one day call Johnsonism.

Scorning the Adage. The essence of Johnsonism begins with the proposition that politics is a profession in which anything can be accomplished, and that success is mandatory. To achieve, it is only necessary to "reason together," for in a democracy it is always possible to find a majority that will agree on some compromise. This means that the compromiser should never state things too boldly—should, in fact, blur the edges of most big questions, unless, of course,

the bass drum and led his own cheers with the help of a bullhorn, crying: "All the way with I.B.J."

On the rostrum, Johnson rhapsodized about U.S. prosperity, world peace and "the great society." Said he in Raleigh: "There are so many more things that unite us than divide us. There are so many more people in the world that love instead of hate—and we ought to be a nation of lovers, not of haters." In the same speech, Lyndon declared: "I hear those who are frantic and who sometimes are hysterical. But every day, as I go abroad in this land, I see, by the hundreds of thousands, men, women and children who love freedom and know they have it and appreciate it and are going to preserve it and protect it."

"Forgive Them, Lord," In Indianapolis, Johnson said: "Only those should lead us who, in the words of the Scripture, are 'swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath.' As long as I am President, that will be my policy." He pointed to the cross atop a nearby Episcopal cathedral and implored his followers to "turn the other cheek" when political opponents say "ugly things." "Forgive them, Lord," cried Johnson. "They know not what they do."

In Peoria, Johnson said: "Yes, all day I have seen your smiling faces. All day I have looked into your happy countenances. All day I have seen the family life, the mothers and the children of America here in the heartland of the great State of Illinois, and those voices sound powerful to me. They sound clear. They sound free. And when I return to the White House, and the policemen turn the keys on those locks on those big black gates, and I get to those few acres that are back of our house, it is going to be folks like you that sustain me in my labors and my thoughts."



JOHNSON & DES MOINES CROWD
Whispered opinions in the sanctity of the bedroom.

Barry's Big Issue

Candidate Goldwater plainly has decided that the essence of Johnsonism is socialism, and he is making that the big, belated issue of his campaign. Last week he repeated the theme time and again.

"The issues," said he in Ardmore, Pa., "are an all-powerful central government versus the federal system that we have lived under and prospered under; it is a socialized economy v. a free economy that we have prospered under and lived under. It is these two things that the American people are deciding when they go to the polls this coming November."

Speaking in Washington to a United Press International convention, Barry kept it up. "Some people," he said, "just assume that some sort of socialism, or whatever name they give it, is inevitable, that most Americans really favor it, and that the only real political issues are choices between how far or how fast. I take violent exception to that. The great domestic issue of this entire campaign is whether we will take a path that leads to socialism, or whether we will get back on a road of individual freedom, individual responsibility, and individual initiative."

He paused, and asked rhetorically: "Are we going to leave room for any sort of individualism in this country, or are we going to sacrifice it all to the demands and the supposed benefits of Government control?"

In New Jersey, Goldwater demanded that Democrats "stop pussyfooting," and label their program socialism. And in Lubbock, Texas, he went all out after Johnson. "When," demanded Barry, "will he candidly admit that our course is toward socialism, or, if he rejects

socialism, will he tell how he will oppose it and its spokesmen? Oh, how I wish the parties could fight this out. I refuse to dignify the party by associating the name 'Democratic' with it, but I wish they would accept the term 'Socialist Party,' because, whether they know or not, whether they like it or not, this is the road they are on."

Still speaking of Lyndon, Goldwater concluded: "Of course, when he gets back here to Texas and has those high-heeled boots on, and that ten-gallon hat, and he calls you 'Pardner,' he sounds like a conservative banker. But I can tell you in Washington when he wears just plain old shoes and says, 'How do you do,' he speaks an entirely different language, that of the radical liberals. And whether he likes it or not, or even knows it, he is backing socialism."

Cuba & Kisses

Republican vice-presidential nominee William Miller, who had been having a hard time with hecklers amid scanty audiences, found things were looking up.

In Augusta, Ga., a crowd of 5,000 loudly cheered Miller's vow that a Republican victory will mean recognition of a Cuban government in exile and U.S. permission for renewed exile raids against Castro. At Miami Stadium, 30 khaki-clad survivors of the Bay of Pigs marched across the rain-soaked baseball diamond to present Miller with a "recovered emblem"—a gold-knobbed flagstaff representing their Battalion 2506. It was flagless, they bitterly explained, because their battalion flag had been presented to John F. Kennedy, who had promised that it would be returned "in a tree Havana." The emblem was now on tour as a prop in the fund-raising effort for the Kennedy Memorial Library.

Before 4,000 spectators, half of them Cubans, Miller declared: "This Administration's greatest shame is the Bay of Pigs. It backed away from its one opportunity to redeem the freedom of the Cuban people. In doing so, it sacrificed the Monroe Doctrine, which once was the irrevocable guarantee of self-determination for all the peoples of all the Americas."

Meanwhile, Miller's Democratic counterpart, Hubert Humphrey, was getting even more heated up in the enthusiasm of the campaign. Outside San Jose, Calif., he halted his motorcade in mid-procession to change a wilted shirt to a fresh one. In Sharon, Pa., he lost his wristwatch and cuff links to a mob of squealing girls. At Erie, a contingent of 63 teen-age Demzelles formed a corridor between Hubert's platform and his limousine, begged to be allowed to kiss him. Each got her wish as Hubert beamingly worked his way down the line, allowing all 63 girls a peck. It looked like more fun than kissing babies.

In claiming credit for achievements, President Johnson describes both his regime and that of his predecessor as "this Administration." So do Republicans in assessing blame.



BARRY JR., PEGGY, PEGGY JR.



STEPHANIE, LIBBY, MARY KAREN



MURIEL



LADY BIRD, LYNDON, LYNDA

Soft words, dimples, scrambled eggs and stewardesses for Dad.

Working for Father

If nothing else, the 1964 campaign ought to set a record for family-togetherness on the hustings. A rally is hardly a rally these days without a Johnson, Goldwater, Humphrey or Miller wife, daughter, son or in-law somewhere on the scene.

• **THE JOHNSONS** Although she says she feels butterflies before every public appearance, Lady Bird is a veteran campaigner, has already rolled up 55,000 miles on the road for Lyndon this year. Last week she left Washington aboard a train called *The Lady Bird Special*, rolled down South through eight states, made 42 whistle-stops at wide spots along the roadlike like Ahoskie, N.C., where Lady Bird was the first passenger train to stop in twelve years.

In speeches from the observation platform, Lady Bird noted what she likes about the South ("Not a place of geography, but a place of the heart"), purred through piffling recitals of Lyndon's accomplishments and usually wound up with a ladylike soft sell: "I am proud of my record and I hope you will want to continue it."

Both Johnson daughters—Luci, 17, and Lynda, 20—were on the train, made girlish speeches punctuated with dimples and fond comments about "Daddy." After hecklers in Columbia, S.C., booed Lady Bird's talk, Lynda marched up to the microphone, snapped angrily, "I know these rude comments were not made by people from the good state of South Carolina but by people from the state of confusion." Besides last week's whistle-stopping, both girls have appeared regularly at weekend political rallies and cookouts all over the country. To guarantee big crowds, their act is usually bolstered by big-name entertainers such as Sammy Davis, the Brothers Four or Folksingers Peter, Paul and Mary.

• **THE GOLDWATERS** As a rule, Barry Goldwater's wife Peggy simply stays at his side, smiling shyly when she is introduced and saying little or nothing. But last week Peggy left Barry's elbow, went to her girlhood home town of Muncie, Ind., to campaign a bit. For

moral support, she had in tow all four of her children—Barry Jr., 26, Mike, 24, Joanne (Mrs. Thomas H. Ross), 28, and Peggy Jr. (Mrs. Richard Arlen Holt), 20. Peggy made no formal speeches in Muncie, said flatly, "One speaker in the family is enough." Next day in Columbus she held a press conference, ruled out all political questions right away, and wound up handing out nuggets about Barry's favorite food (fried chicken), her secret for staying well-groomed while campaigning (her hairdresser travels with her), and her hobbies (grandchildren, of whom she has four).

But Barry's boys are chips off the old political block. Mike, who works for a Phoenix bank, averages 20 speeches a week, fills free hours in strange towns by going to the local G.O.P. headquarters to help stuff envelopes. He even campaigns in airplanes between stops, says confidently: "I haven't met a stewardess yet who isn't going to support Dad."

Barry Jr., a Los Angeles stockbroker, delivers seven speeches a day, faithfully echoes his father's views by saying that "women and children are less safe on our streets than ever before," bringing in the names of Bobby Baker and Billie Sol Estes in conjunction with the Johnson Administration, and constantly insisting that "you can't compromise with Communism." Says Barry Jr. of the family's efforts: "We are going out and working for the old man; we are working hard."

• **THE HUMPHREYS** Silver-haired and soft-spoken, Muriel Humphrey is a motherly political pro on the campaign trail. Last month she made a solo six-state Midwest tour, gave warm little speeches to audiences ranging from 3,000 college kids in Madison, Wis., to 250 burly steelworkers and their wives in Waukegan, Ill. Her approach is always low-key. Says Muriel: "As a wife, mother and now a grandmother, I believe that the election of the Johnson-Humphrey ticket is vital to the security of our children."

Regularly, Muriel holds what she calls "press receptions," explains that "if I call it a press conference, it would

sound as though I know everything about everything." When reporters ask touchy political questions, Muriel demurs: "I hate to be drawn too far into the politics of it. My husband is the trained politician." Muriel is slated to make other trips by herself this month. But last week she left Hubert's entourage for a few days, confided she was happy to get away from hotel living for a while. "I just feel like scrambling my own eggs," she said.

Other members of the Humphrey family are less involved. Son-in-Law Bruce Solomonson and Son Hubert Jr., 22, have made only occasional visits to young Democrats' rallies.

• **THE MILLERS** Bill Miller's wife Stephanie, 41, and daughters Elizabeth Anne ("Libby"), 20, and Mary Karen, 17, are pleasing adornments to his rough-tough campaign. Libby has given several demure speeches, which she laboriously writes herself, to Republican youth clubs, while Mary Karen has begun to make the G.O.P. weekend cook-out circuit.

Mrs. Miller, a quiet, handsome brunette, warmed slowly to the campaign, but has begun to take it in stride. Last week she went alone to Alabama, visited half a dozen cities to kick off a Republican women's doorbell-ringing campaign called "Bells for Barry and Bill." She made no formal speeches, avoided politics with reporters, but gently shook hundreds of hands and smiled prettily all the while.

Mrs. Miller is of Polish extraction and her husband usually sends her in to warm up audiences of Polish-American groups. On these occasions, she is often accompanied by her Polish-speaking mother, Mrs. Stephen Wagner, who still draws tap beer at Wagner's Town Tavern, her late husband's bar on the outskirts of Buffalo, when she isn't politicking for her son-in-law. Says Stephanie Miller of her part in the campaign: "I see my role as a helpmate. When people have put their faith in you to run for this office and tell you so, it's a wonderfully rewarding thing. This campaign isn't old-hat or blasé to me yet. It's the most exciting thing that ever happened."

CALIFORNIA

Who Is the Good Guy?

(See Cover)

When Pierre Salinger speaks, his lips move with the relish of a winemaker and his jowls quiver like jelly in a railroad dining car. He does not use a text, but he ad-libs exceedingly well, having had substantial practice with White House reporters. He spreads his fingers apart, then waves both hands in the air, looking for all the world like a Dutch windmill that has learned how to smoke a cigar.

Pierre Salinger, 39, is the Democratic Senator from California.

When George Murphy speaks, the easy Irish charm of an old-style city ward heeler pours forth. His blue eyes, set off by pink cheeks and carefully coiffed, grey-streaked hair, throw a friendly glint. At the slightest sound of

only the battle of personalities and "images."

Last week, for instance, Salinger and Murphy engaged in a face-to-face, no-holds-barred TV debate. They set out to tackle the issues. They wound up playing Drop That Name. For a full hour, the exchange went something like this:

Salinger: I have conferred with Secretary of Defense McNamara. I have conferred with Senator Magnuson, the chairman of the Senate Commerce Committee . . . I had a call this morning from Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall . . .

Murphy: I know, for instance, Senator Dirksen quite well . . . J. Edgar Hoover, and all the rest.

Salinger: As Mr. Romulo told me—you know General Romulo . . . ?

Murphy: Very well.

And so it went. In the end, most observers agreed that Murphy had project-



SALINGER & MURPHY IN TELEVISION DEBATE
"You know General Romulo?" "Very well."

applause, Murphy is transported happily back to the heyday, 25 years ago, when he song-and-danced his way across the nation's cinema screens. Then the ham in him surfaces, and he talks and talks and talks until his aides tug at him and tell him it is time to quit.

George Murphy, 62, wants to be the Republican Senator from California.

Bump in the Dark. As the most populous state in the Union (18 million), with 40 electoral votes, California is a crucial battleground in the national political contest. In California, there is no such thing as a political machine; there are only moving parts. California has almost every problem that any other state has, and some that other states never thought of. It is filled with radicals of both the left and the right; its political landscape is alive with sudden shadows, phosphorescent gobins, and things that go bump in the dark. In California, political issues ought to be piled sky-high. Yet the Salinger-Murphy campaign, typical of so many 1964 contests, rings with no real issues; there is

ed himself as a real good guy. That should hardly have been surprising, since he has been playing the role professionally for all of his adult life. What was surprising was that Salinger, who has also gone a long way on a well-deserved reputation as a good guy, came across as a somewhat stuffy sort.

Kittens & Rabbits. Salinger's showing came as a bit of a shock to those who remembered him as a White House press secretary who could always be counted on to enliven dull news days in the Kennedy years. Those were the days when Pierre delivered solemn pronouncements on little Caroline's Tom Kitten, or offered brisk communiqués about a trumpet-playing rabbit, or exhibited a grand disdain for the 50-mile hikes so highly recommended by the Kennedys. Considering his background, it is hard for many Californians to remember that Pierre is now a genuine U.S. Senator—one who has served for all of two months since his appointment to fill the seat of the late Clair Engle.

Pierre was born in San Francisco

on June 14, 1925. His father, a New York-born mining engineer and a devoted amateur musician, died in a 1941 auto crash. His mother, daughter of a minor French politician-journalist, was and remains, in her sixties, an effervescent, amiable busybody with a penchant for supporting liberal causes. She now lives in Carmel, Calif., enjoys nothing more than regaling reporters with clinical details regarding the problems she had nursing little Pierre.

The Reporter. Pierre was a piano prodigy, at six played Haydn in a recital at the Canadian National Exposition in Toronto. But he finally concluded that the piano was not his forte, decided to forgo a musical career, although he still plays a passable Bach.

After a World War II stint in the navy, Pierre headed for a journalism career on the San Francisco Chronicle, finished college on the side, made a name for himself as a sharp investigative reporter. He deliberately got himself tossed into jails as a drunk and a vagrant, wrote a 17-part exposé on conditions that resulted in improvements in the county penal system.

The exposé also led to a new career for Salinger. In 1957, a big story was Dave Beck, the crooked boss of the Teamsters Union. *Collier's* Magazine assigned Salinger to write a series of articles about Beck, but the magazine folded before Pierre got into print. During the course of his work on Beck, Salinger met Bobby Kennedy, who was soon to be appointed counsel to the Senate subcommittee investigating labor racketeering. Bobby asked Pierre what he was going to do with the material he had gathered on Beck. Pierre offered it to Kennedy, and later was rewarded with a job as staff investigator for the committee. Among the subcommittee members: Massachusetts' Senator John F. Kennedy.

Outsider. By 1959, the subcommittee investigation had pretty well run its course, and Salinger was offered an attractive publicity job with the Democratic Advisory Council, an adjunct of the Democratic National Committee. He was tempted, and he said so to Bobby. Recalls Salinger: "He told me not to make a decision for 24 hours. The next morning J.F.K. called up and asked me to come to his office. He said he'd heard about the job I was offered, and he hoped I wouldn't take it because he counted on me working in his presidential campaign."

J.F.K. was then running for the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination, and Salinger joined the team as chief press aide. The first few months were not happy ones for him. "The main problem," he says, "was that it took me quite a while to develop the kind of relationship with J.F.K. that I had with Bobby. I'd been hired completely on Bobby's say-so; J.F.K. and I did not know each other well. In fact, I was sort of an outsider to the group: Ted Sorensen, Kenny O'Donnell and Larry O'Brien had all worked with the Sena-

tor for a long time. It took three or four months of traveling together to get to know each other well."

Ole Tex. But Salinger came to love his job and to worship Jack Kennedy. After Kennedy was elected, he named Salinger as his press secretary, and Pierre soon became an institution of his own. There was Pierre aboard the *Honey Fitz* in slacks of shocking pink; Pierre in blue and yellow shorts, chugging over the decorous grass tennis courts of Newport; Pierre flailing away on the Hyannis golf course while Kennedy watched in fond amusement; Pierre playing poker, sometimes at \$1,000 a pot, with three wild cards; Pierre nursing his discriminating palate with fine wines and rich sauces at Washington's smart Le Bistrot.

Sometimes White House newsmen got annoyed with Pierre's ways, thought he was considerably less than fastidious with facts. But by and large they came to admire him as a real pro, one who was calm, cool and correct in moments of real emergency, such as the Cuba missile crisis.

When Jack Kennedy died, part of Pierre died with him. Certainly the White House never again seemed the same to Salinger. Lyndon Johnson laughed at Pierre, not with him. Once Johnson ragged Salinger into playing the piano for visiting German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard—just after Soloist Van Cliburn had performed. On another occasion, Johnson cajoled Pierre into climbing aboard a horse at the I.B.J. ranch, and while Salinger sat there like Humpty Dumpty, Lyndon whooped, "Ole Tex Salinger!" Salinger is a man of humor, but he does not like to be made a fool of, and it was only a matter of time before he would leave Lyndon.

The time came early this year, when it became apparent that Clair Engle, even then dying of brain cancer, would

not be able to run for re-election. A struggle developed between California's Democratic Governor Pat Brown and Jesse ("Big Daddy") Unruh, speaker of the state assembly and California's most power-conscious Democrat. Brown wanted State Controller Alan Cranston to take over Engle's candidacy. Unruh wanted anyone Brown did not want. First, he persuaded State Attorney General Stanley Mosk to run in the Democratic primary. But Brown, in his turn, persuaded Mosk to withdraw. Big Daddy looked around for another candidate to pit against Cranston. He picked Pierre.

There was, of course, a problem: Salinger had been away from California for nine years, was now a voting resident of Virginia. But he was finally assured that all legal obstacles could be overcome, turned in his resignation to President Johnson, flew to San Francisco, and filed for the Democratic primary only two hours before the deadline. Behind him, he left his second wife Nancy, whom he married in 1957. A talented ceramist, Nancy has been staying on in Virginia to care for the three Salinger children. Pierre was awarded their custody after divorcing his first wife.

After Salinger had announced his candidacy, Pat Brown exploded. Pierre, he declared, was nothing but "a rookie." But he changed his mind after Pierre whipped Cranston by 140,000 votes in the primary. Pierre, Brown now cried, was "the rookie of the year." Pat appointed Salinger to fill out Engle's term when the Senator died in July. Pierre's incumbency would presumably help him in his campaign against the Republican nominee.

Shoot the Works. Then and now, many Democrats figured George Murphy as a pushover for Pierre. Murphy, quite naturally, sees himself differently. "I consider myself a human engineer," he says. "I've done a lot of things in my life, and I have had a broader chance

to study people than anyone I know. I've lived in every kind of place, from Beverly Hills to Hell's Kitchen. And I've worked in speakeasies and in big corporations and everything in between—mines and garages."

Born in New Haven, Conn., the son of an Olympic coach, Murphy attended Yale. Never a good student, he ran out of money and dropped out of college after two years, puttered around with odd jobs until he met a Detroit dancer named Juliette Henkel. Julie taught him some steps, they got married in 1926, and embarked upon the kind of career at which movies are made. They danced together in nightclubs, and those jobs led George to Broadway hits: he played juvenile leads in *Good News*, *Of Thee I Sing* (in which George portrayed a wiseacre White House press secretary), *Hold Everything* and *Roberta*.

Lana & Oscar. Then on to Hollywood, where George was a natural, most often appearing as the likable, big-hearted guy who might have won the girl in the end if he had not spent so much time doing paradediddles with his toe-taps. He danced with Shirley Temple in *Little Miss Broadway*, with much leggier chorines in *Top of the Town*. He played opposite Ginger Rogers in *Tom, Dick and Harry* (Murphy was Tom), hoofed with Judy Garland in *Little Nellie Kelly*, romped with Cinemopette Liz Taylor in *Cynthia*, and twirled in *Two Girls on Broadway* with Starlet Lana Turner. All that Murphy will recall for the record about that picture was that "Lana was lazy. But when she put on a sweater, no one cared about her working habits."

Frankly, Murphy was no great shakes at the box office, a fact well realized by his boss, M-G-M's Louis B. Mayer. But Mayer liked Murphy for other reasons. As a two-term president of the Screen Actors Guild, Murphy had helped clean out left-wingers and labor racketeers who had infiltrated the movie industry. Along the way,



MURPHY & CHORINES IN "TOP OF THE TOWN" (1937)

"Don't knock the good guys."



GOLFERS KENNEDY & SALINGER

Then he was laughed with, not at.

Murphy dropped his Democratic affiliation and became a Republican. Mayer, an ardent Republican himself, had heard Murphy deride Democrats, and he liked the cut of George's gibe. He encouraged Murphy to take on after-dinner speaking assignments. Before too long, Murphy hung up his taps, became one of Hollywood's busiest good-will ambassadors, and with Mayer calling the turn, received an Oscar for "interpreting the motion-picture industry correctly to the country at large."

"Low to the Ground," Politics was only a two-step away. Murphy was a G.O.P. National Convention delegate in 1948, 1952 and 1956, served a brief stint as Republican state chairman. At the same time, he moved from the sound stages into moviedom's business offices, where today he functions as a vice president for public relations with

Technicolor Corp. And last year he began thinking seriously about running for the Senate. "I had this thing researched for months," he says. "I wanted to learn if people would accept an actor running for office. And the word was that I had a pretty fair chance. After all, people remember me from all those old movies, and I never played a bad guy. I was always a good guy. It sounds corny, but don't knock it. I found that my biggest support would come from the ladies, the ones over 35. They are real workers. I mean if they are for you, they go all over the neighborhood like a pack of muskrats."

Murphy easily won the G.O.P. Senate nomination, and he has been campaigning tirelessly ever since. His pitch is Basic Barry. Liberals are "Fabian Socialists." Democrats are a conspiratorial sort, and the words Yalta and Potsdam

fall easily from Murphy's lips as places and names of derision. On issues such as the nuclear test ban, federal aid to education and medicare, Murphy hews close to the Goldwater line, but he disagrees with Barry on the Civil Rights Act and foreign aid.

He has sidestepped California's hot-test state issue: repeal of the Rumford Act against racial discrimination in housing (TIME, Sept. 25). In agricultural areas, Murphy wins votes for his stand favoring the *hacero* program, under which fruit and vegetable farmers hire immigrant labor from Mexico. "You have to remember," explains Murphy, "that Americans can't do that kind of work. It's too hard. Mexicans are really good at that. They are built low to the ground, you see, so it is easier for them to sleep."

As it must to all candidates, some

THE SENATE RACES

With 35 Senate seats at stake on Nov. 3, it is theoretically possible for the Republicans to erase the 66-34 majority now held by the Democrats. But there is not

the remotest chance that they will, even though only nine of the contested seats belong to Republicans, while the Democrats must defend 26. State by state:

Arizona: Seeking Barry Goldwater's seat, three-term Governor Paul F. Fannin, 57, hopes to parlay his identification with the Goldwater team into victory. Democrat Roy L. Elson, 34, administrative assistant to Senate President Carl Hayden, is the underdog.

California: Democrat Salinger, 39, still leads, but Republican Murphy, 62, is moving up.

Connecticut: Former Republican Governor John Lodge, 61, a moderate, is walking a tightwire between zealous Goldwaterites in affluent Fairfield County and anti-Goldwaterites elsewhere. Incumbent Thomas J. Dodd, 57, a Democrat of independent mind, has backing from labor and Lyndon Johnson. Dodd should win.

Delaware: Republican John J. Williams, 60, the Senate's sharpest investigative bird dog, faces a rematch with Democratic Governor Elbert N. Carvel, 54, whom he trounced in 1958 by 10,000 votes. Carvel may benefit from a heavy Negro turnout, but Williams leads.

Florida: What worries Conservative Democrat Spessard L. Holland, 72, in his quest of a fourth term is not Republican Claude R. Kirk Jr., 38, a brawny ex-marine, but the size of his own majority. Holland, hands down.

Hawaii: The first American of Asian ancestry to be a Senator, Republican Hiram L. Fong, 57, has help from two disparate sources—Barry Goldwater and Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. Democrat Thomas P. Gill's haole (white man) origins are no help in multiracial Hawaii. Gill, 42, has the backing of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., but is slightly behind.

Indiana: Democratic Incumbent Vance Hartke, 55, whirls around in a helicopter, drops down wherever he sees

a crowd. Republican D. Russell Bontrager, 56, a state senator who used to read the classics aloud to get rid of a Pennsylvania Dutch accent, flies his own Cessna 182. Hartke is ahead, but a big Goldwater victory in Indiana could turn him.

Maine: Incumbent Edmund S. Muskie, 60, whose election as Governor in 1954 heralded a deepening Democratic thrust into New England, was stuck in Washington for weeks while Republican Congressman Clifford McIntire, 56, was campaigning. Despite this and the fact that popular Senator Margaret Chase Smith is out on the hustings for McIntire, Muskie has a sizable edge in his second-term bid.

Maryland: With his strong appeal to young voters, Democrat Joseph D. Tydings, 36, son of the late Senator Millard Tydings, hopes to deny a third term to amiable Republican J. Glenn Beall, 70. Backlash votes may help Beall in southern Maryland, but Tydings stands to profit from a heavy Negro vote and an expected Johnson victory. Leaning to Tydings.

Massachusetts: Investment Broker Howard Whitmore Jr., 59, reluctantly agreed to oppose injured Democratic Senator Edward M. Kennedy, 32, but his outlook is decidedly bearish. Teddy should win without leaving his bed.

Michigan: Democrat Philip A. Hart, 51, won by 170,000 votes in his first try for the Senate, figures to do better this time. G.O.P. Candidate Elly M. Peterson, 49, wife of an Army colonel, ran for office once before, a city-council race in her home town of Charlotte (pop. 7,657), and lost.

Minnesota: Buttressed by Democratic-Farmer-Labor backing, Incumbent Eugene J. McCarthy, 48, would be heavily favored over Republican Wheelock Whitney, 38, mayor of the Min-

neapolis suburb of Wayzata, even without Favorite Son Hubert Humphrey on the national ticket.

Mississippi: Three-term Democrat John C. Stennis, 63, may or may not face opposition from the predominantly Negro Freedom Democratic Party, but it hardly matters. The surest bet around.

Missouri: Though he is favored, two-term Democrat Stuart Symington, 63, is running hard. He has Son Jimmy, a folk singer, strumming his banjo and playing things like *Cornbread Luxes* and *Sassaparilla Tea* in rural areas. Republican Jean Paul Bradshaw, 58, an Ozark Air Lines vice president, figures to trim Symington's 1958 plurality of 386,236, but not by enough.

Montana: G.O.P. Challenger Alex Blewett, 51, former speaker of the state house, keeps trying to get Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, 61, into a debate, but mild Mike ignores him. Mansfield is one man who may lend Lyndon Johnson his coattails, instead of vice versa.

Nebraska: Facing token opposition from obscure Democrat Raymond W. Arndt, 58, Conservative Republican Roman L. Hruska, 60, is a shoo-in for his second term.

Nevada: In 1962, Democratic Senator Howard W. Cannon, 52, backed Republican Paul Laxalt for Lieutenant Governor. The idea was to keep Democratic Governor Grant Sawyer from vacating the statehouse this year and going after Cannon's job. Cannon blocked Sawyer, but now he has Laxalt to contend with. More dynamic than Cannon, Laxalt, 41, suffers from inexperience—and from Goldwater. Cannon on an inch.

New Jersey: Incumbent Harrison A. Williams Jr., 44, the state's first Democratic Senator since 1936, expects to profit from an anti-Barry "frontlash"

disappointment has come to Campaigner Murphy. Just recently, he got himself hauled out to Antelope Valley, a desert crossroads that might have served as the eerie setting for *Bad Day at Black Rock*. Nothing went right. The head of the arrangements committee, a Mrs. Tucker, had borrowed five cars from the local Chevrolet dealer but had lost the keys. After Mr. Tucker rounded up a new set, Mrs. Tucker remembered that the door prize, a movie projector, had been left at home. Back home went Mr. Tucker.

Later, about 50 dignitaries tried to squeeze into the five cars for the ride to the local fairgrounds. Disgusted, Murphy wound up walking all the way to the fairgrounds, slogging to the speakers' stand through thick clouds of desert dust while Mrs. Tucker, in full pursuit, began to remonstrate with him. At

length, Hollywood Star Wendell Corey, who had arrived early only to disappear mysteriously, turned up in time to make a half-incoherent speech about "my good friend and that great American, George Muffin!—I mean Murphy!"

Down the Barrel. As for Salinger, Murphy harbors only dark suspicions. "I think this guy is really vulnerable," says he. "He's a chubby little rascal who looks and sounds sly and disrespectful. If this guy was doing such an important job in Washington, how come he quit on an hour's notice? My cook would give me more notice than that! He was a *pressagent*! I'd like to ask him what he did for the President during the Cuban missile crisis. Did he hold his coat? Did he get a fresh supply of paper clips?"

No, says Pierre, who regards his role in the Kennedy Administration as the strongest point of his campaign. He

freely dispenses the impression that he took an intimate part in the play of historical events. He punctuates his speeches with phrases like "I remember when President Kennedy . . ." He frequently alludes to the time that "we looked down the nuclear barrel" during the Cuba crisis, and he implies that it is a good thing, too, for the U.S. that he was there.

Spirited. Salinger also hits hard at Murphy's links to Goldwater. He accuses Murphy of having supported Dr. Fred Schwarz's ultra-right Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, charges that Murphy is an "arch-conservative of the same stripe as Senator Goldwater, but hasn't the courage to express his honest convictions."

Pierre has a swift, sharp mind and salts his addresses with impressive statistics. But lately he has been spend-

ing in his second-term bid. Challenger Bernard M. Shanley, 61, a former aide to Dwight Eisenhower, is trying hard, but with scant chance.

New Mexico: A loner in the past, Republican Incumbent Edwin L. Mechem, 52, the only four-term Governor in the state's history (1951-54, 1957-58, 1961-62), is playing with Goldwater this year, and he might regret it. Able, four-term Congressman Joseph M. ("Little Joe") Montoya, 49, an adroit vote getter, has a name that is about as common in New Mexico, where nearly one-third of the voters are Spanish Americans, as John Smith is elsewhere. A tossup.

New York: Republican Senator Kenneth B. Keating, 64, has come on strong, could well salvage what looked like a losing cause. The carpetbagging issue, the widespread defection of Jewish and possibly Italian voters, and a strong feeling of sympathy for Keating as the underdog have badly eroded 38-year-old Democrat Robert F. Kennedy's early lead, and he may need a Lyndon landslide of well over 1,000,000 votes to ride in with the President. Keating ahead by a silvery hair.

North Dakota: Democrat Quentin N. Burdick, 56, is so worried about G.O.P. Challenger Thomas Kleppe, 45, the aggressive ex-mayor of Bismarck, that he left Washington well before Congress adjourned to start campaigning. But he is the favorite, might get extra mileage from popular Democratic Governor William Guy's coattails.

Oklahoma: A magic name and a potent G.O.P. organization are 47-year-old Robert A. Taft Jr.'s trump cards, but Goldwater's name on top of the ticket is a deuce. Even so, it would probably take a 500,000-vote Johnson win to sweep crusty Incumbent Stephen M. Young, 75, into a second term. Leaning strongly to Taft.

Oklahoma: Lean, handsome Republican Bud Wilkinson, 48, has a great record as Sooner football coach going

for him. Democrat Fred R. Harris, 33, who upset Incumbent Howard Edmondson in the party primary, has Johnson's coattails the hopes and the late Senator Bob Kerr's organization going for him, Wilkinson by a whisker.

Pennsylvania: Whatever votes Incumbent Republican Hugh Scott, 63, loses in conservative western Pennsylvania because of his dislike of Goldwater, he may recoup elsewhere for the same reason. But a Johnson sweep and a massive turnout by Negro voters could give the race to Democrat Genevieve Blatt, 51. A slight edge to Scott.

Rhode Island: Republican Ronald R. Lagueux, 33, executive counsel to Governor John Chafee, ran for the Senate as a favor to his boss. He stands no chance of thwarting 57-year-old Democrat John Pastore's bid for a third term.

Tennessee: In the only state with two Senate races, a couple of staunch Goldwater Republicans who have never won an election are challenging two veteran Democratic officeholders. Two-term Democrat Albert Gore, 57, is favored over Memphis Businessman Dan H. Kuykendall, 40. But Representative Ross Bess, 46, running to fill the last two years of the late Estes Kefauver's term, may have rougher sledding against Knoxville Attorney Howard Baker Jr., 39, who is Everett Dirksen's son-in-law. Still, the pro-Democratic Negro vote and displeasure over Goldwater's stand on TVA are expected to send two Democrats to the Senate again.

Texas: Republican George Bush, 40, has Democratic Incumbent Ralph Yarborough, 61, running scared. But Yarborough leads.

Utah: Democrat Frank E. Moss, 53, squeaked into the Senate with 38.7% of the vote in 1958 because two Republican opponents split the vote against him. This year he faces only one Republican, former Brigham Young University President Ernest L. Wilkinson, 65, whose conservatism pucks potent

appeal. The race is tight, but Lyndon will probably carry Moss back for a second term.

Vermont: In his second race against Republican Winston L. Prouty, 58, who won by 5,364 votes in 1958, Democrat Frederick J. Fayette, 53, has eight things going for him. One is Barry Goldwater, and the other seven are Fayette daughters (he has eleven children in all). The girls are stamping for him, plucking guitars and singing *Hello, Daddy*. But Prouty has the edge.

Virginia: The G.O.P. found somebody to oppose Democrat Harry Byrd, 77, but nobody doubts that Old Harry will go back to the Senate for his sixth term, or that Republican Richard A. May, 68, will go back to his *Saluda* cattle farm.

Washington: Republican Lloyd J. Andrews, 44, claims that Incumbent Democrat Henry M. ("Scoop") Jackson, 52, "cost Washington 10,000 jobs" by losing the F-1X fighter-plane contract, but even Boeing Aircraft's president says it just isn't so. Jackson is the heavy favorite for a third term.

West Virginia: Republican Cooper P. Benedict, 57, a tweedy, wealthy horse-breeder and early Goldwater supporter, is in an uphill fight against Incumbent Democrat Robert C. Byrd, 46. With strong backing from labor, Byrd should win a second term.

Wisconsin: Incumbent Democrat William W. Proxmire, 48, is better known than Republican Wilbur N. Renk, 55, former chairman of the University of Wisconsin's board of regents, also enjoys a reputation as a maverick in a state that loves to elect mavericks. Proxmire has the lead, but he will have to work to keep it.

Wyoming: Starting out as the underdog, Incumbent Democrat Gale McGee, 49, has come on strong against Casper Geologist John S. Wold, 48, a Goldwater man. Though McGee is suspect as a liberal and a former university professor, he has a slender edge.

ing much of his time defending himself against Murphy's "carpetbagger" charges, and trying to convince the voters that he is not a Falstaff but a statesmanlike sort. It isn't easy. Not long ago, for example, he found himself confronted by a Los Angeles audience so hostile that he probably wished that he was out there with Wendell Corey and George Muffin.

"Why did you register in Virginia and vote for Senator Byrd?" someone asked.

"I didn't vote for Senator Byrd!" replied Pierre.

"How do you feel about subverting the state constitution?" demanded another.

"I've been upheld by the State Supreme Court!" he shot back.

"The Americans for Democratic Action is a Communist front—how do you feel about that?" snapped a woman.

"I don't agree with everything the A.D.A. says, but to call it a Communist front is stupid!" Pierre retorted.

At the close of the meeting, Salinger beamed a grin out over the sea of glum faces and said cheerily, "Let me thank you for the opportunity of joining you tonight. We've had a spirited discussion, haven't we?"

"Remind me," murmured Pierre as he drove off, "to fire my advance man."

"The Overall Impression." Come November, Salinger should benefit from the fact that he is a Democrat in what shapes up as a big Democratic year. Lyndon Johnson has a healthy lead in California over Barry Goldwater. The state's registered Democrats outnumber Republicans by a big margin: 4,736,906 to 3,182,397. Even accounting for ticket splitting and other vagaries of the California voter population, Pierre should be a safe bet.

But in recent weeks he seems to have hit a plateau, while Murphy has been climbing uphill. Can George close the gap? Says he: "My job is to paint a positive picture. Most of the people already have their minds made up. I'm gonna try to talk to the undecideds. They are more interested in what a guy looks like. I think the overall impression is the big thing. If the undecideds think a guy is honest and on the level, he's ahead of the game. My big drawback is the song-and-dance-man label. If I can overcome that, I'll be in good shape. If I can get the undecideds to think 'This guy knows a lot,' that's a plus. If I can show them I'm honest, that's a plus. Experience, that's a plus. If they think the other guy has not been around for too long, that's a plus for Murphy."

And Pierre Salinger's job is to put across his image as an important candidate of experience and influence. Says he: "The very years of my life Murphy most objects to—those spent in the Senate and the White House—have given me a grounding in Government, a knowledge of Washington, that not even as nimble a fellow as Murphy could pick up on a Hollywood sound stage."

ARKANSAS

Can Win Win?

If Democrat Orval Faubus has his way, he'd be Governor of Arkansas until the Ozarks turn into molehills. This year he set out after his sixth straight two-year term, certain that winning would be as easy as eating grits with a tablespoon. He was in for a surprise.

Running against Faubus is Republican Winthrop (or, as he now bills himself, "Win") Rockefeller, 52, fourth of the five Rocketteller brothers, who moved eleven years ago from New York to the 34,000-acre Winrock Farms, 65 miles from Little Rock.

In 1955 Faubus, figuring a Rockefeller would be quite an attraction for new business, picked Win to be chairman of the newly created Arkansas Industrial Development Commission. It was probably the best move Faubus has



ROCKEFELLER & FAUBUS IN FORREST CITY
The Governor's choice.

made as Governor. Before Rockefeller's resignation early this year, the A.I.D.C. had helped bring in 600 new plants, 90,000 new jobs, \$270 million in new annual payroll income. Moreover, Rockefeller put hundreds of thousands of his own dollars into schools, scholarships and cultural facilities around his part of the state.

Spelled Backward. In his campaign for Governor, Rockefeller has spared neither himself nor his pocketbook. Overweight for years, he lost 40 lbs. before he began to run, is now a trim 6 ft. 3 in., 205 lbs. He owns four airplanes, one of them a jet, and each day he takes off from his personal airport at Winrock bound for a campaign destination. When he arrives, a just-plain-folks secondhand bus, driven there the night before, is waiting to carry him over back roads to tiny hamlets and home towns. The Rockefeller bus is plastered with "Win with Win" signs; on the placard in front, the words are lettered backward so

they can be read in a motorist's rear-view mirror.

When the bus stops in a town square, Rockefeller, wearing western boots and a cowboy's hat, lopes about shaking every hand in sight, even darts into stores to greet people who didn't come out on the street to meet him. As he performs, a team of aides carrying Polaroid cameras snaps as many as 500 pictures a day. Ten seconds after a handshake, a pleased voter gets a keepsake picture of himself with Rockefeller.

Man with a Plan. Rockefeller's speeches are short and always extemporaneous. He consistently cracks Faubus for low teachers' salaries and for the "deplorable condition" of state roads. Speaking at a new plant-dedication ceremony in Forrest City, Ark., last summer, Rockefeller fractured Faubus by complaining that his campaign bus had been plagued by constant breakdowns—caused mostly by jouncing over so many miles of "Faubus Freeways." Rockefeller also attacks the Governor as the boss of a massive political machine. "My opponent is also visiting all the counties," cries Winthrop, "but he heads for the courthouse to a secret meeting where he oils the machine." Says Rockefeller: "If you want a man with a plan instead of a man with a machine, vote for me."

Faubus, plainly worried, has attacked Rockefeller as a carpetbagger, conjured up pitiful images of a poor little country boy running against the Rockefeller millions, seen to it that everyone has been reminded frequently of Rockefeller's sensational 1954 divorce and the subsequent \$6,000,000 settlement with his first wife, Bobo. Stopping to the ludicrous, the Faubus workers have even sent broadsides to Arkansas barbers, claiming that Rockefeller always hops into his jet and flies to New York to get his haircuts.

Against Rockefeller, a onetime trustee of the Urban League, Faubus has also returned to the all-out segregationist stands that made him a national figure in 1957. Last month he shouted about Negro demonstrators: "The first time they lie down in the streets to block traffic of a legitimate business, they're going to get run over. And if no one else will do it, I'll get in a truck and do it myself."

Such talk still goes over well in Arkansas, and Faubus is favored over Rockefeller. Even so, there should be one benefit: Rockefeller has already pumped enormous new energy into the once defunct Arkansas Republican Party, has 10,000 workers out beating the precincts for votes, even managed to find 172 Republican candidates to run for local offices this year, compared with a measly seven who dared try in 1960. And Rockefeller has committed himself to run for Governor again in 1966. "Win or lose," he says, "there'll be a two-party system in Arkansas after Nov. 3."

TEXAS

Cactus-Nasty Campaign

Both candidates for Texas' U.S. Senate seat are running fast and mean, like they had cactus in their chaps.

The two are liberal Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough, a native of East Texas cotton country, and conservative Republican George Bush, a New England-bred Ivy Leaguer (Yale '48), son of Connecticut's moderate former G.O.P. Senator Prescott Bush.

Houston's Bush, who has made a modest fortune as a Texas oilman since 1948, insists that Yarborough's "left-wing radicalism" is the basic campaign issue. In Bush's entourage is a country music group called the Black Mountain Boys, and the lyrics to one of their favorite campaign songs are: "Sun is gonna shine in the Senate some day (George Bush gonna run them liberals away)."

Bush stands strong for right-to-work labor laws, cutbacks in foreign aid, increased tariffs. He stands against the 1963 nuclear test-ban treaty and the 1964 Civil Rights Act. He is an attractive, articulate Goldwater Republican, even though he mentions Barry's name with decreasing frequency these days, as it becomes apparent that Lyndon Johnson will carry his native Texas with relative ease.

In his attacks on Yarborough, Bush recalls rumors that the Senator got \$50,000 in a brown paper bag from Billie Sol Estes during the 1960 presidential campaign. Yarborough denies the charge, although he has admitted getting some \$7,000 in campaign contributions from Estes over a three-year period, long before Estes' shenanigans came to light. But Bush tells his audiences: "The question is not whether Yarborough got \$50,000 or \$5,000 or whatever he has admitted getting from Estes, but do you want a man in the U.S. Senate who was involved with Billie Sol Estes at all?" And so another Black Mountain Boys campaign favorite is: "Oh where have you gone, Billie Sol, Billie Sol? Oh, where have you gone, charming Billie!"

End of a Feud. Ralph Yarborough gives back every bit as much as he takes. "Let's show the world," he cries, "that old Senator Bush can't send little George down here to buy a Senate seat." He slams Bush's membership in "the fat Houston clubs," nags at Bush for his extensive billboard campaign, tells audiences: "You can find everything on those billboards except the word 'Republican.' He's got it there so small that you've got to pull over to the side of the road, stop, get out of your car, and look for it with a magnifying glass." The Senator also reacts emotionally to Bush's criticism of the test-ban treaty: "He doesn't believe in clean air, doesn't believe in keeping out all the strontium 90 and all the chemicals that pollute the atmosphere, that create cancer in babies, create leukemia, make sterile men and women."



REPUBLICAN BUSH

Whose sun is gonna shine in the Senate?



DEMOCRAT YARBOROUGH

Yarborough has long been on the outs with such reigning Texas politicians as Lyndon Johnson and Governor John Connally. As late as August 1963, Yarborough, in a speech at Freeport, Texas, described Johnson as a "power-mad politician." It was partly to help patch up this Democratic factional dispute that President Kennedy made the trip to Texas that ended in Dallas on Nov. 22. During that trip, Kennedy got Vice President Johnson and Senator Yarborough to shake hands, and the two were riding together in the same car when the President was assassinated.

Floating Chitchat. Since then, in private conversations, including some political chitchat while floating out together in the White House swimming pool, Johnson has made his peace with Yarborough. This fact obviously discomfits Governor Connally, who is one of Lyndon's oldest and closest political associates. Connally just plain dislikes Yarborough. All but assured of re-election as Governor this year, Connally has yet to say a good public word for Running Mate Yarborough.

As a matter of fact, all other things being equal, Lyndon Johnson could undoubtedly console himself if Yarborough were to lose his Senate seat. But all other things are not equal. Among the other things: it would be a blow to L.B.J.'s personal vanity if his own home state were to elect Bush to join Republican Senator John Tower in an all-G.O.P. Texas Senate team.

If Lyndon would stay out of it, Republican Bush would have a chance. But Johnson is not about to stay out of it, which makes Bush the underdog.

ILLINOIS

Chuck's Luck

Good fortune, as well as hard work, has always contributed heavily to the political and business success of Illinois' Charles Percy (TIME cover, Sept. 18). And in his bid to unseat Democratic Governor Otto Kerner, luck still rides with Chuck. Just a scant few weeks before the election, the Kerner Adminis-

tration finds itself involved in a much headlined scandal.

Last week Kerner's campaign manager, Theodore Isaacs, 53, withdrew to defend himself against conflict of interest charges being investigated by a Sangamon County grand jury. Isaacs and Kerner have been buddies ever since 1938, when they met in the Illinois National Guard. As Cook County judge in 1955, Kerner appointed Isaacs attorney for the Chicago Board of Election Commissioners. Isaacs managed Kerner's successful 1960 race for Governor, was rewarded by appointment to the \$15,000 job as director of state revenue. He ran the Revenue Department, which collects some 75% of the state's cash income, mostly in sales taxes, until returning to private law practice in September 1963.

The grand jury investigation was an outgrowth of the disclosure, first made by Chicago American Columnist Jack Mahley, that Isaacs drew fees for services from the Cook Envelope & Lithographing Co. at the same time that the firm had contracted to sell \$1,144,688 worth of envelopes to the state—and at the same time that Isaacs was state revenue director.

The Cook company was formed only ten weeks after Isaacs took office. He admits receiving \$4,000 in fees from the company for each of the years 1961, 1962 and 1963. He also owns 50 shares of Cook stock, concedes that he has paid nothing for them. Though it is not known how many shares exist, at the time of incorporation there were only 100 shares on record. One official of the firm estimates that 99% of Cook's business is with the state. The company's first sale to the state was made just twelve days after it was formed, apparently before it even had the equipment to turn out the envelopes.

Otto Kerner insists that he is "not associated with this in any way," that "a man is innocent until proven guilty" and that "I will stand by my friends." As for Chuck Percy, he just smiles, says not a word about the scandal. Why should he, with headlines about it every day?

THE WORLD



LABORITE HECKLERS
Embarrassing memories of Christine.

GREAT BRITAIN

Who Is Fit to Govern?

The British tend to think of their politics as urbane and fair-minded. In large measure, they are. But at times the heirs of Cromwell and Pitt are apt to be more virulent than the heirs of Jackson and Truman. British political leaders can deftly cut each other's throats with the most brutal verbal slashes, and British political crowds can raise the fine democratic art of heckling to riotous dimensions. This happened once again in the windup of Britain's election campaign, suggesting that beneath the initially apathetic contest there was really a good deal of passion.

The proceedings turned particularly lively with the appearance in Plymouth of querulous Quintin Hogg, formerly Lord Haisham, one of the more erratic of Tory politicians. As Minister of Education and Science in the Conservative Cabinet, Hogg was routinely telling his audience about the superior virtues of the Tories when a heckler shouted: "What about Profumo?"

This conjured up shades of the hapless former Cabinet Minister, memories of that high-echelon prostitute, Christine Keeler, echoes of the whole scandal that had so sorely embarrassed the Tories a year ago. "Profumo!" Hogg replied angrily. "If you can tell me there are no adulterers on the front bench of the Labor Party, you can talk about Profumo. If you can't tell me that, you had better keep your mouth shut!"

Bench'd Adulterers. Since the Labor front bench is generally occupied by members of Labor's "shadow cabinet," all of them well known to each other, to their colleagues and the country, the statement was uncomfortably close to a specific accusation. Labor Chief Harold Wilson, who had ordered that the Profumo scandal not be raised by party leaders on the assumption that it might boomerang, gleefully picked up his cue and called on Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home to repudiate Hogg. Next day Hogg made a partial and grudging retraction. But he thought it was all

most unfair, since "Mr. Profumo had paid a very high price indeed for a sin which is often committed by people who pay no price at all." Hogg's later speeches were plagued by shouts of "Adultery!" and "Hoggwash!"

No sooner had the Minister of Science done his bit to embarrass the Tories than Foreign Secretary Rab Butler had a go at it. Campaigning in Manchester, Home had said that the U.S. and Britain had ready a treaty to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons that "could be produced at a moment's notice" for Russia's signature. Whereupon Butler declared airily in an interview that "we've had a chat about it with the Americans," but that there is no such treaty, adding, "After all, I would know. I'm the Foreign Secretary."

Then Butler, who has been passed over twice for the prime ministership, handed out compliments to his colleagues that left blood all over the floor. Prime Minister Home? "I think Alec's done very well. Possibly he has spent too much time outside London." Ted Heath, President of the Board of Trade and regarded as a comer in the party? "I think Alec's a bit bored by him." Hogg? "A great pity." As for the situation in general, Rab thought things might slip. "Toward Labor," the reporter wanted to know. "They're not going to slip toward us," replied Rab icily.

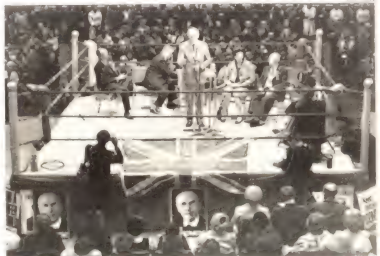
Penny-Wise. With friends like that, Campaigner Home hardly needed enemies. The polls in fact were slipping toward Labor, for whatever that proved. The *Economist*, which is read about

in Washington, the State Department confirmed that Butler's version was the more nearly correct.

equally by dons and businessmen, and by Britons and non-Britons, usually takes an independent political line, but last week it somewhat unenthusiastically announced its support of Labor. The neck-and-neck race brought joy to Jo Grimond and the Liberal Party leaders, who have visions of capturing up to ten seats in the new Parliament and holding the balance of power if Labor and the Tories should end up nearly even.

On the campaign trail, the former Lord Home was finding the going rough. Speaking in Watford, a constituency near London, from a boxing ring draped with the blue Tory colors, Sir Alec observed that "going up and down the country, I find people have higher incomes"—when a heckler shouted "Not as high as yours, mate! I wish I had one of your millions."

It was a strong reminder of the election's basic issue: the Tory claim that affluent Britain has never had it so good against the Labor charge that Britain's prosperity is still too concentrated at the top, that its economy needs more dynamic management. Appearing in Birmingham's Rag Market two nights apart, both Home and Wilson were drowned out by boos. Home was faced with a 75-ft. dinosaur manipulated by some 50 Laborites. A large sign read "Too Much Armor, Too Little Brain. Now Extinct." When he was shouted down, Home cried angrily into the microphones, "I doubt if anyone can seriously believe that people who depend on this kind of support are fit to govern Britain!" On leaving the Rag Market, Sir Alec insisted on walking with Lady Home through the mob, which continued to boo and throw pennies at the Prime Minister.



CAMPAIGNER HOME IN WATFORD RING
Bloody compliments from friends.

EAST GERMANY

Prisoners for Sale

East Germany's Walter Ulbricht has long tried to make his miserable "German Democratic Republic" seem important. With Nikita Khrushchev's approaching visit to Bonn, he is also plainly under Moscow's orders to make it look more respectable and humane. In both respects, he again failed wretchedly.

Ransom Book. The 15th anniversary celebration of the G.D.R. turned out to be a Grade-B production: the visiting Communist dignitaries were all second-stringers. Except for the first public showing of four Soviet medium-range missiles, the five-hour parade in East Berlin's Marx-Engels Square was a dreary, neo-Nazi affair of goose-stepping soldiers and sullen workers, clearly more interested in their weary feet than in the oversized pictures of Communist leaders that they dutifully bore past the reviewing stand.

On the humanitarian side, Ulbricht grandly announced that he would set free 10,000 political prisoners between now and Dec. 20. But of course he will be doing his own counting, and few expect that he will live up to his promise. Even if he does, there will still be 50,000 inmates left in East German jails, many held for political reasons.

Before announcing the amnesty, however, Ulbricht had released prisoners—strictly on a business basis. Taking a leaf out of Castro's ransom book, he quietly "sold" Bonn 800 prisoners, most of them West German citizens, in exchange for several million marks worth of butter, coffee, cocoa and sugar. The transaction was accepted last summer on behalf of West Germany by Vice Chancellor Erich Mende. When word of it leaked out last week, it was branded by the West German press as a grim "traffic in men."

Not waiting to be ransomed, Ulbricht's reluctant subjects were still finding their own ways to freedom. In fact, in the days preceding the anniversary celebration, the biggest mass escape took place since the Berlin Wall went up in August 1961.

Freedom Tunnel. It was engineered by 30 volunteer workers, many of them university students, who had managed earlier to escape from East Germany. From the basement of an abandoned bakery at 97 Bernauer Strasse, in West Berlin's French sector, they dug a 448-ft. tunnel that emerged in an unused shack in the yard of an apartment house at 55 Strelitzerstrasse in East Berlin. Digging in shifts around the clock, 40 ft. underground, the men were hardly able to breathe. Again and again the tunnel threatened to cave in because of Berlin's sandy soil. Several times, seepage from underground mains almost forced them to abandon the project. But they kept digging. They installed a ventilation system, used walkie-talkies to warn of the approach of Red Vopo

patrols. At the West Berlin entrance to the tunnel they put up a sign that read: "Walter, we're coming," and 70 ft. further along, where the tunnel passed under the Berlin Wall, they erected another: "You are now leaving the French Sector."

After nearly six months of steady work, the tunnel was completed. In three nights 57 East Germans—many of them relatives of the diggers who had been notified in advance by couriers—crawled to West Berlin. Just as the

BERLIN

The Six Days

A few blocks west of the Bernauer Strasse tunnel, where 57 East Berliners crawled to freedom last week, an escape of another sort was taking place. Concealed of cigar smoke and the reek of raw schnapps, a blur of spinning spokes and the beat of a brass band, this form of escape goes by the name of "Sportpalast Fever," and can be indulged in once a year when Berlin



EAST GERMAN TROOPS ON REVIEW
How much butter is a man worth?

last group had entered the passage, two strangers came up to its entrance in East Berlin, pretending that they and some friends wanted to join the great escape. The "friends" turned out to be Communist cops who had been tipped off by informers. Four of the diggers who had guarded the tunnel entrance managed to get back to West Berlin—after shooting one East German Vopo sergeant.

The uproar over the escape destroyed whatever effect Ulbricht might have expected from his newest propaganda campaign about the good life in East Germany. Again his subjects showed that they were ready to vote against him with their feet—and with their lives.

holds its famed, phantasmagoric Six-Day Bicycle Race.

More than 40,000 West Berliners jammed the drafty, bomb-wrecked Sportpalast last week, paying \$100,000 for the privilege of watching a handful of men in silk spin madly around a banked oval track, for prizes ranging from a few bottles of wine to a brand-new DKW sedan. To beleaguered Berliners, the Six Days serves as carnival, communal songfest and emotional blowout. Only a fraction of the crowd is made up of racing fans, and as one old man said of the event, "It would be great if it weren't for those cyclists."

Berlin's Six Days dates back to 1909. By the early 1930s, the races were often



CYCLIST & SPECTATORS AT SPORTPALAST
Kegs for the haylofters.

rigged, and they attracted the booted whores and gaudy gangsters who gave Berlin its cynical, sinful aura. Left-wing Playwright Georg Kaiser described the Sportpalast scene in those days: "Inhibition has gone to hell. Cutaways shake. Shirts tear. Buttons pop in all directions. Differences flow away. Nakedness where there used to be disguise; passion. It's worth it—this brings profits."

Dancing with Disrespect. Hitler outlawed the races soon after he came to power in 1933 because he found them dishonest and degenerate, and converted the Sportpalast into a propaganda forum. World War II left it a gutted shell, but in 1953 a group of enterprising promoters slapped a new roof on the ruin, installed a new track, and the Six Days was back in business.*

Last week's race was, as usual, a ten-ring circus. The brassy oompah of Otto-Otto Kernbach's band thundered the *Sportpalast Waltz*—a ditty whose magic lies in the fact that every few bars the audience can join in with three short, shrill whistles. When enough beer and schnapps had flowed (nightly sales total 18,000 glasses of each), spectators swarmed onto the infield to dance. Fist fights flared in the smoky upper reaches of the grandstands, known as the "hayloft." The occupants of this low-cost Olympus exercise dictatorial power over the groundlings, demanding and usually getting kegs of free beer from the celebrities they spot in ringside seats below them. If no beer is forthcoming, the haylofters boo their target unmercifully, indulging in a "cult of disrespectfulness" that is half the fun of the Six Days. When West German Defense Minister Kai-Uwe von Hassel appeared one night, he was roundly booed. But when he donned a crash

helmet and bravely mounted a racing bike, the crowd went wild.

Pigtails to Forget. Another high point was the election of "Miss Hayloft"—the girl from the galleries chosen each year as most representative of the Six-Day spirit. This year's winner was a husky *Berlinerin* with steel-rimmed glasses and pigtails. One traditional figure of the Six Days, however, was gone for good. He was *Kricke* (Crutch), a bicycle racer whose career ended decades ago when he was run over by a streetcar. Year after year he turned up at the races, and when proceedings got dull, the crowd would cry: "*Kricke, ein Lied!*" The old racer then hobbled forward and whistled a song. When *Kricke* died last year at 70, he received one of the grandest funerals Berlin has seen since the war.

It is traditions like these that make Berlin's Six Days a self-perpetuating institution. As long as the bikes whirl colorfully around the steep wooden track, as long as Otto-Otto's band is blaring, as long as the beer flows and pretty girls parade the aisles, Berliners are happy. Explained one spectator last week: "On a night like this, you forget about the Wall and Ulbricht and all the misery in the world."

RUSSIA

The Attaché Case

The military attaché serves one basic purpose: legalized spying. Cloaked, up to a point, by his diplomatic immunity, he goes to cocktail parties, parades and factories, gets local generals plastered (unless they get him plastered first), and ranges through the countryside with notebook, camera and a blank expression.

For reasons unknown, the Russians had permitted four Western military attachés (three American, one British) to ride the Trans-Siberian Railway all

the way from Moscow to Khabarovsk, headquarters of the Soviet Far East military command. It was the first time in two years that any foreigners had been allowed on the 2,300-mile stretch from Irkutsk to Khabarovsk, which runs straight through what is presumed to be Russia's new belt of atomic plants and missile sites. Presumably, by taking careful note of such clues as power lines, spur tracks and freight-car types, a trained military observer could get an excellent idea of precisely what kinds of installations were where. And presumably the four Western attachés did precisely that—and more.

When the attachés reached Khabarovsk, Russian security police broke into their hotel rooms, held them prisoner for six hours, finally allowed them to proceed on their way to Tokyo—after confiscating what Moscow claimed were more than 900 photographs and 26 notebooks packed with "intelligence data on railway stations, bridges, tunnels, radar installations, airfields, locations of military detachments and other objectives of defense significance."

Amateurs. Somewhat lamely, both Washington and London denied "the validity of the charges," accused Moscow of a "flagrant violation" of the rules of diplomatic immunity. In answer, both *Izvestia* and *Pravda* started printing the military secrets the officers were accused of uncovering—for example, a badly overexposed photograph of "twelve rocket carriers for intercontinental missiles."

Along with the evidence, purportedly extracted from the 26 notebooks, came snickers. The Western agents, charged



ACCUSED DIPLOMATS
Snickers for the cloak and camera boys.

* Today's racing teams no longer have to pedal round the clock as in the pre-war era. Now they can sleep from 5 a.m. to noon.



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the Soviet press, were so "amateurish" and "clumsy" that the whole train knew they were spies—despite their rather incredible claim that they were Olympic athletes bound for Tokyo. They never left their compartment unguarded, refused to fraternize with their fellow passengers, and, weighed down with long-lens cameras, they ignored the conductor's admonitions not to take pictures out of the windows. At one station, jeered the Moscow press, they were so busy shooting a siding full of military boxcars that they almost missed their train as it pulled out.

Coincidence. Washington and London squirmed but kept silent. Scarcely anyone noticed the remarkable coincidence of dates between the police action at Khabarovsk and the opening—and mysterious dismissal—of the New York trial of Soviet Spies Aleksandr Sokolov and "Joy Ann Balfanz" (see THE LAW). There were many other theories as to what had happened: local police had been overzealous; Moscow had deliberately trapped the diplomats; the Russians had found a new way to destroy effective agents—publicity and ridicule.

Then, as inexplicably as it opened, the attaché case seemed closed. "The Russian side is not interested in inflating this case," announced the Kremlin with airy hauteur. So saying, it allowed the four military men to return to their posts—even though their heads were still presumably crammed with intelligence data that could best be checked out in Moscow. After all, if the cocktail circuit failed them, they could always refresh their memories by reading Pravda and Izvestia.

AFRICA

The Man Who Wasn't There

Delegates of 46 nations representing nearly one billion people came to flag-festooned Cairo last week to praise neutralism and denounce imperialism in the second conference of nonaligned nations—and virtually nobody paid any attention. The man who stole the show was the man who wasn't even supposed to be there, Congo's Premier Moïse Tshombe. Though loathed more than ever by most black leaders, Tshombe emerged from the week as almost a hero at home, and the protagonist of a very African episode that made his enemies look utterly foolish.

Splendid Isolation. For months, Host Gamal Abdel Nasser had looked forward to using the conference to stake a claim as Africa's spokesman, black as well as Arab. Tshombe, whose African peers regard him with distaste as Patrice Lumumba's accused assassin and as a white-backed agent of "neocolonialism" as well, was sure to disrupt Nasser's tea party, and Nasser was determined to keep him out. Tshombe was just as determined to get in.

The farce began when the Cairo control tower turned away Tshombe's spe-

cial Sabena flight because of "blocked runways." The Boeing flew on to Athens, where a furious Tshombe booked himself back to Cairo on a commercial Ethiopian airlines plane. The flight got in this time, but Tshombe was greeted by Nasser's security cops, whisked off to splendid isolation in Uruba Palace. Nasser's 40-room state guest house, where machine-gun-carrying Egyptian commandos were posted with orders to let no one in or out. "This is the dirtiest trick in history," howled Tshombe. "It's unprecedented to imprison a visiting head of government." Forced to watch the conference on television, he refused to eat for fear of being poisoned, drank Katanga beer he had brought with him, and kept his four secretaries up all night typing protests to all 46 nations at the meeting.

When word reached Leopoldville of Tshombe's detention, Congolese gendarmes laid siege to the Egyptian and

that "peace in our time is indivisible." Indonesia's Sukarno, however, demanded "not coexistence but confrontation against Western imperialism." Most of the delegates went numbly along with Ghana's Kwame Nkrumah, who blamed foreign plots rather than his own mismanagement for the fact that independence has not proved paradise.

Indian Premier Shastri made the week's most sensible speech, among other things chiding the Africans for their own racial discrimination against Indians, pointedly rebutting Sukarno by insisting that "our policy must not be confrontation but cooperation," cursing a stir by suggesting that the conference send a mission to Red China urging them not to test their nuclear bomb. The delegates quickly ducked that idea, but also resisted the more incendiary language of Sukarno & Co. The conference painfully put together a sweeping final communiqué damning



HOSTAGE TSHOMBE WITH SECRETARY IN CAIRO PALACE

"The dirtiest trick in history."

Algerian embassies in the heart of the city by way of retaliation, cutting off food and phone service. All this set off a diplomatic brouhaha that ended only when Tshombe telephoned from Cairo two days later with word that as soon as the Egyptian and Algerian diplomats were released and had reached haven in Brazzaville across the river, Nasser would spring Tshombe. Escorted out of Leopoldville by Nigerian troops under U.N. command, the embassy staffs loaded three car ferries with everything from refrigerators to kitchen pans, sailed away to safety.

The Congolese press and politicians laid plans for a hero's welcome for Tshombe. They denounced Nasser, playing upon deep-seated black African memories of the Arabs as the continent's slave traders. Tshombe meanwhile was taken under guard back to the Cairo airport to fly to Athens and a weekend in Paris before going back home.

Mission to Peking. While the prisoner in Cairo was getting the headlines, the conference in Cairo droned on. Nasser made a relatively reasonable plea

"neo-imperialism," predictably citing South Africa and Angola, but preposterously including even Puerto Rico. The U.S. was told to get out of Guantanamo, Britain out of Aden, France off Martinique, Israel out of Palestine.

Despite this ambitious bill of particulars, the nonaligned really agree on few major issues. What began under Nehru's leadership in Belgrade as a non-involved bloc between the two superpowers has disintegrated because of the march of events. At most, what they have in common today is a ritualistic opposition to "imperialism," shrewdly mixed with a desire to profit from all sides in the cold war to further their own nationalism.

India itself, since attacked by Red China, has had to move closer to both Washington and Moscow. With helligerents like Indonesia and Cuba under the same roof with such placid pro-Western nations as Nigeria and Liberia, the very meaning of the term "non-aligned" is disappearing. As Tshombe remarked acridly, echoing Orwell: "It is curious how some of these states are more nonaligned than others."

SOUTH VIET NAM

\$486 Per Chopper

To counter the effect of armed U.S. helicopters, the Communist Viet Cong have placed a price on the head of every chopper crew. Kill a helicopter and you win 35,000 piasters (\$486). Last week the Viet Cong were doing well for themselves.

A mere three minutes' flying time from Saigon, heavily armed HU-1B spotted a concentration of guerrillas. "There's a whole mess of VC nice and open right under us," announced the pilot over his radio. "We're going down after them." The chopper descended, .60-cal. machine guns clattering, rockets dropping from the pods. "Watch them go," cried the pilot, Captain Gary Riggins of Antioch, Calif. These were his last words.

Viet Cong ground fire from captured U.S. .50-cal. machine guns knocked the helicopter into a blazing heap, and black-clad Communist guerrillas finished the job. Five American crewmen and their Vietnamese observer died. It was the sixth helicopter crash of the week, and it brought the toll of Americans killed in action over the 200 mark.

Time to Depart. For weeks, the Viet Cong had been relatively quiet, apparently failing to exploit the chaotic political situation in South Viet Nam. Americans in Saigon thought the Reds were hurting militarily. Perhaps, a little. At the same time, they probably did not want to take a chance of rallying support behind General Nguyen Khanh's regime by pressing major attacks. At any rate, last week the Viet Cong cut loose again. In a spate of ambushes and fire fights—some within 15 miles of Saigon—they inflicted 403 casualties on government forces while suffering 266 themselves. The Communists captured 205 weapons, 24 radio transmitters, four field telephones and a typewriter. The government captured only 63 guns, largely because the Viet Cong have taken to tying strings to their weapons. Thus, when a guerrilla in an exposed position is shot, his buddies hiding near by can save at least the gun by pulling it into the bush.

But even as the war heated up, the political ferment in Saigon was calming down. Tensions were eased by the departure of Lieut. General Tran Thien Khanh, the professional coup plotter and former member of South Viet Nam's ruling triumvirate who went into exile last week. Ousted by Premier Khanh in response to the wishes of Air Commodore Nguyen Cao Ky and his clique of young officers, Khanh departed Saigon at midweek. It was a lachrymose leave-taking. Tears gleamed in the eyes of General Duong Van ("Big") Minh as he hugged Khanh on both cheeks, and Khanh himself was nearly crying as he shook the hands of nearly 100 high-ranking army officers gathered to say good-bye. Even cocky Commodore Ky, one hand on his pearl-handled revolver, was dewy-eyed.



NEW DELHI COFFEE SHOP & CUT-RATE CAFE
Chock full o' protest.

Time to Begin? Saigon seemed quieter after Khanh flew off to Europe. For once, the assorted Buddhists, students, workers and officers seemed content to scheme behind the scenes rather than demonstrate in the streets. At week's end, Khanh announced that the 13 officers and seven civilians behind September's abortive "coupette" would soon go on trial, facing possible death sentences. Then, at a news conference, Khanh proclaimed the power of the South Vietnamese Air Force, which he said could deliver "one, two or three-ton bombs into North Viet Nam or even southern China."

Everything seemed to be back in place: the Viet Cong were winning battles, a trial was about to begin, the malcontents were scheming quietly, and Nguyen Khanh was looking north. And this week the High National Council, created in the wake of last August's riots that followed Khanh's attempt to seize full governmental power, will make public the new constitution meant to replace Khanh's military regime. Was it time to begin the whole cycle of chaos once again?

INDIA

The Last Cup

Coffee, which makes the politician wise,

And we through all things with his half-shut eyes,

as Alexander Pope put it ironically, opened quite a few eyes in India last week. For thousands of Indians, the colfeehouse is indispensable as a place to meet friends, transact business, talk, write, and incidentally, consume colfee, along with free ice water and cashew nuts. Politicians, wise or unwise, come and go, inflation gallops, the population spirals; but in the colfeehouse things remain the same—or at least they did until the great betrayal.

One day recently, Freelance Journalist Rajinder Kapoor dropped in at New Delhi's Colfeehouse, and lingered most of the morning. When he called for his bill, it totaled one rupee. He was astounded to find that the price of a cup of colfee had gone up from 45 to 50

paise, making two cups an even rupee (21c). Kapoor shouted the grim news to friends. "This is the last straw!" cried someone. "No, the last cup!" yelled someone else. Suddenly the customers were on their feet, protesting against the rising prices and calling for a boycott. Hastily finishing their colfee, customers marched out without paying.

Spreading Blame. The boycotters spent the rest of the morning picketing the cafe with signs, "Don't pay more today than you paid yesterday." Later, they pitched a tent on the sidewalk and started selling their own colfee at 25 paise a cup. Soon a Price Resistance Committee was organized to spread the boycott to other restaurants and shops. Among the joiners were Chidambaram Subramaniam, India's Food Minister, and Asoka Mehta, deputy chairman of India's Planning Commission.

The government, which blames middlemen and profiteers for India's severe food shortage and disastrously mounting prices, gave strong backing to the consumer boycott. But the problems are, in part, of the government's own making, for it has done little or nothing to rationalize India's largely state-controlled economy, or to provide incentives and modern methods for Indian agriculture.

Political Potatoes. The price-resistance movement swept through New Delhi. Housewives banded together to buy milk directly from producers. Brij Mohan, 38, a city councillor, started trucking in potatoes from the Punjab, sold them at artificially low prices. "These are political potatoes, which can appear only once a year," said a sour grocer watching Mohan with scales in hand dispensing potatoes on the sidewalk. But the campaign forced city merchants to lower their prices, and aroused public opinion as never before.

It also showed up all kinds of other complaints about life in Delhi. Newspapers were flooded with complaints. One letter writer denounced "this over-munimented and under-bathroomed city [where] in the hottest hours of the day there is no water for a shower and the electricity comes and goes as if monkeys were playing with the switches."

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Wrote another: "I am haunted by ghosts of corruption, high prices, high rents, adulteration in everything. There's no fresh bread to eat, no safe water to drink, no sugar to remove the unsavory taste from my mouth. The whole city is floating in a sea of sewage."

There was at least one consolation: the coffee at the Coffeehouse was once again selling for 45 paise a cup.

SOUTH KOREA

A Hooch Is Not a Home

Every evening in Seoul they gather under the street lights for the shape-up: smartly dressed girls in spike heels and hopeful smiles. In the fading light, American soldiers cruise by to inspect



MOOSES AWAITING INSPECTION
Anyone for character guidance?

the merchandise, pinching buttocks and tilting faces toward the light. The girls, who are known scornfully as "mooses," giggle timidly and plead: "Come on to my hooch." But a hooch, as every G.I. in Korea knows, is not a home. More often than not, it is a roach-ridden room in a crumbling old house.

Last week, not for the first time since U.S. servicemen arrived in Korea 19 years ago, the Korean mooses came under fire. In a letter distributed to 12,000 Lutheran pastors throughout the U.S., the director of an American service center in Seoul denounced "the age-old dangers of women and liquor" and concluded that "our young men aren't spiritually and morally ready for Korea." The Rev. Ernst W. Karsten, a mild-mannered Iowan of 59, charged that about 90% of the G.I.s in Korea consort with prostitutes regularly. "Many

men have their steadies," Karsten reported. "Some of them 'own' their girls, complete with hooch and furniture. Before leaving Korea they sell the package to a man who is just coming in."

Pillow Fees. Pastor Karsten had his facts entirely straight. Every major U.S. military installation in South Korea is ringed by villages occupied by camp followers who make their living on G.I. largesse. As one inhabitant of a "G.I. town" put it: "We benefit much from the G.I.s stationed here, but thank God they are not Christians. If they were, we would starve."

Korean mistresses—some of them pretty, college-educated girls between 17 and 25 who can find no other jobs—can be established in a hooch for about \$150 a month, not counting food. Though this is more than a private's monthly pay, an enterprising G.I. can make up the difference by playing the black market. In some small towns, girls have organized to establish minimum rates. Groups like the Rose Association and the Reconstruction Association have instituted "pillow fees" ranging from \$100 to \$200 a month. But cash is not as important as PX privileges. Simply by reporting a readiness to get married, a G.I. can provide his moose with cigarettes, radios and cameras, all of which are resalable on the black market for several times their original cost.

Key Money. Under an arrangement known as *chunse* (deposit), a G.I. can occupy an entire house off base merely by depositing "key money." No rent is necessary because the Korean owner is delighted to get the working capital, which he then invests in the black market. He can double or even treble his investment in six months. The G.I. gets his "key money" back at the end of his tour by selling the hooch, complete with furniture and moose, to an incoming soldier. Prices currently range from \$200 to \$300.

Pastor Karsten himself admits that it is difficult for military commanders to correct the situation. General Hamilton H. Howze, commander of U.S. and United Nations forces in Korea, has pledged not to tolerate "improper conduct." He hopes to "dispel the notion that a tour in Korea represents an undesirable lost year, which can be made palatable only by hard drinking and promiscuity." Still, by U.S. Army standards, Korea is a hardship post, and it would hardly be possible to restrict all troops to barracks or declare whole cities off limits.

General Howze has launched a partially successful "Character Guidance" program since he assumed the post last year (compulsory attendance: one hour a month), and the Armed Forces Radio carries a daily half-hour program, called *Date with Diana*, aimed at soothing homesick G.I. hearts with music and messages from the States. More soldiers are taking out their excess energy on such projects as building orphanages for Korean waifs, teaching English in local schools and playing softball.

RED CHINA

Toughening the Next Generation

For thousands of years Chinese society has honored age above all else, and the ruling role of the elder is one of the few ancient attitudes that Peking's modern masters have left unassailed—if only in self-defense. Party Boss Mao Tse-tung is 70 and beginning to show it, Premier Chou En-lai, 66, is ailing, as is Defense Minister Lin Piao, at 56 a mere bean sprout in the Peking Politburo, whose average age is 65. Often mentioned as Mao's successor, Party Secretary-General Teng Hsiao-ping is over 60. Beset by intimations of mortality, the Red leadership has launched a campaign to "cultivate millions of successors to carry on the cause."

China watchers, who have ironically dubbed it "the campaign to train a million Maos," deem it the most important political drive in Chinese Communism's brief history. Mao is not only racing time but also Khrushchev's version of consumer Communism. As Peking sees it, the Chinese younger generation must be saved from the dangerous heresy that it is better to be fed than Red.


Permanent Revolution. People's Daily warned last spring that China's enemies were pinning their hopes on the "deterioration of the younger generation," and that concern for "seniority" in promoting officials was "backward, clanish, feudal thinking." When the Communism Youth League met a few weeks later, its first secretary, Hu Yao-pang, 51, was re-elected, but 144 of its 178 committee members were replaced.

Last month *Red Flag* took 7,000 words to spell out the leadership's worries in full: "The class enemies have cast a horoscope for China, claiming poverty leads to change, change leads to wealth, wealth leads to revisionism." Only by training a new generation of Communists to be as tough as the old ones will it be possible "to ensure permanent revolution and prevent repetition of Khrushchev's revisionism in China."

Nuclear Toys. To that end, Peking has begun a massive new "socialist education" program. All young party members will henceforth have to take part in "collective productive labor"; high-school and college graduates have already been transferred to rural areas. High-school curriculums are being revamped to comprise 60% academic work and 40% manual labor, and universities are tightening their admissions to funnel more high-school graduates onto the farm or factory assembly line.

Peking last week in effect confirmed a U.S. prediction that China would soon explode a nuclear device, hinted that early November might be testing-time. But having nuclear toys to play with will not necessarily toughen the future China. In conversation, Mao as much as admitted his worry that the next Chinese generation may not retain the hard-line fervor of the original revolutionaries. "They must learn to struggle," he says. "They will learn—perhaps."

* Moose is a corruption of the Japanese *musume* (girl), while hooch derives from *uchi* (house).



Nothing else quite measures up

Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon

THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY - 50.5 PROOF
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., PEORIA, ILL.



'65 CHEVROLET—In a moment this car

For the next few paragraphs we'd like to skip the superlatives, stay with the facts, and take you through what we hope will be your next automobile.

Now that you've seen the outside, kick off your shoes and come on in. Let your toes be the first to know that those high-priced luxury cars are in for a real battle this year.

Carpeting from looms of luxury

We've always done a lot of bragging about our $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch-thick deep-twist carpeting—and for good reason. Every color-keyed inch of it takes to toes like expensive slippers. Even the stowage compartment in the Super Sport floor console is carpeted. Your

sunglasses never had it so good.

Electric clocks and Stereo

We played it straight with the instrument panel. It runs neatly, without a jog, from one end of the new flush-mounted (no-rubber-showing-anywhere) windshield to the other.

Within the newly designed recessed instrument cluster itself, there's an electric clock with a sweep second hand in all Impala models. The clock, along with radio and heater controls, is centrally located for both you and

your passengers. The entire area you're looking at now is subtly two-toned in your choice of seven new interior colors. And, for the first time ever, you can order a pushbutton AM-FM Stereo radio with multiple rear speakers that are strictly high-toned.

Below all this, there's a sporty full-width panel decorated with simulated walnut.

16 yards of pure comfort

There're about 16 sq. yards of vinyl inside this Impala convertible. That's

'65 Impala Convertible. Your next automobile?



will face its most critical inspector. You.

enough material, in case you're interested, to make up to ten women's sheath dresses. Underneath your seat there are nearly two inches of extra-thick foam cushioning and a set of springs that would do the easiest of easy chairs proud.

Put all that on top of a new Full Coil suspension system and over 700 shock and sound absorbers and you're not just sitting in luxury, you're practically floating in it.

More room, too

There're over 3 more inches of shoulder

room in the front of this car. More in the back, too.

There's more "stretch-out" space. Our engineers, realizing that not too many people were getting any shorter, moved the engine forward (which is no lightweight) and designed a rugged new full-width frame. This all helped to shrink the forward and rear floor tunnels by up to 25 and 27%, respectively. Now that's a lot of work for a couple of inches, but we thought you were worth it.

You'll also notice that in the rear

there's now a tempered glass convertible window. It replaces plastic and pretty well sums up our story on the '65 Chevrolet.

We think it's the *best* we've ever built. And we hope you'll allow us that *one* superlative.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.



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For offices, it means the most easy-going, self-reliant, sweet-typing, pace-setting, money-saving, sumptuous-looking, typist-indulging electric typewriter ever built:



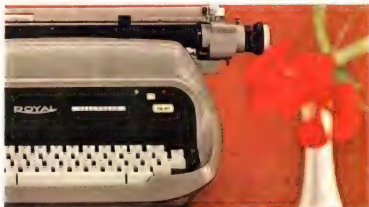
THE ROYAL ELECTRESS

You can take the light and easy Royal Touch for granted. Because we don't. Before a Royal Electress™ leaves us, every part and every action is tested, checked . . . then checked again. The key dip has rhythm. Permanent rhythm. The special Magic Monitor® Control works like a charm. Type lines up neat and sweet. The Royal Touch is what every manufacturer of electrics strives for. Only the Royal Electress has it.



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COMMUNICATIONS



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ELIZABETH IN QUEBEC
Empty streets, sullen people.

CANADA

The Queen & the Chill

Quebec City was an armed camp. On roads leading into the French Canadian provincial capital, police flagged down motorists and searched their cars. The airport and railway station swarmed with plainclothesmen. On the cliffs overlooking the St. Lawrence River, khaki-clad Canadian army troops took their positions while Navy frogmen ran a final check for mines in the dock area of Wolfe's Cove. Yellow police barricades lined the city streets, and knots of helmeted riot police stood ready. Their orders were clear: all demonstrations were banned.

The Queen was coming, and many French Canadians thought Elizabeth of England was unwelcome. Like an old sore suddenly scraped open, French nationalism is raging anew in Quebec after two centuries of British domination. An impatient generation of French Canadians demands more autonomy and a stronger voice in the country's affairs. Some even preach outright secession from English Canada; the more passionate have been punctuating their cries with mailbox bombings, arms raids and threats against the Queen's visit—even her life.

As she approached Quebec last week, ominous letters and telephone calls poured into newspapers. Police seized 14,000 "hate" pamphlets ("First-class funeral for Confederation—the Queen's visit"). And in downtown Quebec City the night before her arrival 1,000 members of the separatist *Le Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale* staged a silent protest march until police broke it up. "This is an example of the democracy we live in," snarled Separatist Leader Pierre Bourgault. Officials were haunted by thoughts of the assassination of President Kennedy.

"Shoo, Shoo, Shoo." As the Queen arrived in Quebec City, all Canada held its breath. Sailing up the St. Lawrence

THE HEMISPHERE

from Prince Edward Island, where she began her eight-day visit, the royal yacht *Britannia* docked at Wolfe's Cove, and for a full hour security police combed the area before the Queen and Prince Philip stepped ashore. In a bleakly unceremonial freight shed, she inspected the honor guard, listened to a welcoming speech by Premier Jean Lesage, then climbed into a bulletproof Cadillac for the drive to the Quebec Parliament Building—and a reception as chill as the north wind meaning down from the Arctic.

Few cheers or waving flags greeted her passage through town. But if the authorities expected a screaming, stone-throwing mob, there was none of that either. Only a handful of silent, staring people peered curiously between the ranks of police and scarlet-coated Mounties. Possibly through fear, possibly by design, Quebec seemed to be staying home, for the most part ignoring her altogether.

At the Parliament Building a crowd of 200 college-age youths began shouting "*Quebec Libre*" and chanting "Shoo, shoo, shoo." They dispersed when police flailed away with night sticks. The whole crowd in Parliament Square—a few of them pattering polite applause—hardly numbered 500. "You can count the crowd by counting the police—and then divide by two," said one newsman.

"We Must Explain." Looking paler than usual as she stood before Quebec's solemn legislators, the Queen voiced a quiet appeal for unity: "Between compatriots, we must explain and present our points of view, without passion, respecting the opinions of others. This country is the meeting place of two great civilizations, each contributing its own genius and quality. These qualities are not contradictory, but complement one another."

When the Queen left the building, 50 separatists set up a new chant—"Le Quebec au Quebecois [Quebec for Quebecers]." Again the police shut them up, and she moved on to her official round of appointments—mostly ceremonial and out of public view. For a war memorial dedication at Quebec's historical old Citadel, only 1,500 of 2,500 invited guests bothered to show up; and no sooner were the formal ceremonies under way than another minor demonstration erupted outside the high grey wall surrounding the Citadel. The next day was spent quietly on shipboard, entertaining special guests at a state luncheon.

This week Queen Elizabeth travels on to the federal capital of Ottawa and returns to the warmth of English-speaking Canada. But Quebec—with its troops, its empty streets, sullen people and background music of catcalls—will be hard to forget.

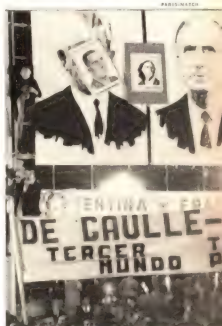
FOREIGN RELATIONS

"As You Would Greet Me"

The President of France, as well as the Queen of England, was learning that a state visit to a volatile land can involve some risks. French officials had decided that the chances of trouble during Charles de Gaulle's trip to Latin America were minimal. If his health could take the strain (a question to everyone except the astonishing old man himself), the trip should provide a string of modest but unbroken successes. After two weeks and six countries, the educated guess was more or less on target. In the third week, trouble materialized. De Gaulle's visit to Argentina was a bomb.

Rowdy Links. Supporters of exiled Dictator Juan Perón put De Gaulle precisely where he did not wish to be—smack in the middle of Argentina's violent internal politics. From Madrid, Perón told his supporters to "greet De Gaulle as you would greet me." That produced a mob scene and a rowdy attempt to link De Gaulle with Perón, presenting both as champions of the third force, independent of either East or West. The obvious purpose was to discredit the regime of President Arturo Illia, which has cast its lot with the U.S.

No sooner had De Gaulle's Caravelle jet touched down at Buenos Aires' Aeroporque than shrieking crowds of Peronistas hoisted banners proclaiming "*De Gaulle, Perón, tercera posición*."



ILLIA-DE GAULLE POSTERS PLASTERED WITH PERON
The visitor retreated into icy aloofness.

(third position). But that was nothing compared to the swirling mobs in the central industrial city (primarily autos) of Córdoba, which De Gaulle visited for five uncomfortable hours.

Massing along the motorcycle's route, hundreds of Peronistas broke through police lines and swirled around the presidential Cadillac, hooting at Illia and cheering for De Gaulle and Perón. At one point, the surging crowd jammed the handlebar of an escorting motorcycle through the Cadillac's left rear window, slightly cutting Illia. The limousine carrying the First Ladies was forced onto the sidewalk. An hour later, rioting broke out again near where De Gaulle was to lunch. This time, police submachine guns sprayed bullets over the crowd. Tear gas filled the square. Fire hoses broke up charging groups while police and firemen were pelted by stones. The toll: 26 injured, six by gunshot.

"Them & Them Alone." Illia, of course, was badly embarrassed (Córdoba is his home town), and once again Argentina was shown to be a sorely divided nation lacking leadership. But De Gaulle was on the spot too, and there was no satisfactory way for him to get off it. Any wave to the Peronista crowd would be interpreted as support of anti-government forces, and he had no desire to make a formal anti-Perón statement. He did the best he could under the circumstances, retreated into the icy aloofness he has been striving to avoid. "The matter concerns them and them alone," he told an aide. He never mentioned the Peronistas in public.

At last De Gaulle was able to fly on to less troubled soil. In neighboring Paraguay, President Alfredo Stroessner gave him a warm and relaxed 41 hours. In Uruguay, 25,000 people braved a pelting rain to line the streets of Montevideo; visiting a French high school, De Gaulle was moved to tears when a 13-year-old girl said in French: "Through years of study, we have learned to love France." In Brazil, which he visits this week, plans were under way for what Brazilians hope will be the biggest welcome of all.

VENEZUELA

Another Nasty Stunt

There is no group in Latin America quite like Venezuela's Castroite Armed Forces of National Liberation (F.A.L.N.). It enjoys virtually no popular support, has had only limited success at guerrilla warfare in the hills, failed miserably in a much touted plan to disrupt last year's elections. Yet it is unparalleled in nasty little headline-grabbing stunts. Besides random killings and small acts of sabotage, F.A.L.N. terrorists have stolen five Louvre Museum masterpieces, hijacked one freighter on the high seas, kidnapped one visiting Spanish soccer star, and kidnapped one U.S. colonel. Last week they made it two U.S. colonels.

Keeping the Promise. Lieut. Colonel Michael Smolen, 44, deputy chief of the U.S. Air Force mission in Venezuela, lives in the Bello Monte section of Caracas, only four blocks from where Colonel James K. Chenuault was kidnapped last year. Ever since then, occasional threats have promised another kidnapping, and one afternoon last week Smolen was specifically fingered. To be on the safe side, Mission Chief Colonel Henry Choate, 47, came by the next morning to give him a lift to work. Even so, the kidnapping took only 20 seconds. As Smolen was walking to Choate's car at 8 a.m., a 1958 Chevrolet sedan raced up, and out popped two hoods. Leveling a submachine gun at Smolen, they hustled him into the



U.S. COLONEL SMOLEN



VIET CONG'S TROI
A cynical swap.

Chevy. Colonel Choate started out of his car, saw what was happening, and took off, high-hurdling through fenced yards until he was clear.

Police immediately threw up roadblocks, with no luck. The Chevy soon appeared, however, abandoned a block from the leftist-ridden Central University. Then, at 3:30 p.m., the phone rang in the Caracas office of the Associated Press. The F.A.L.N. said the caller, had Smolen. He would be released only when Nguyen Van Troi was released. And who is Nguyen Van Troi? He is the Viet Cong terrorist who was caught trying to assassinate U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara with a planted bomb in Saigon last May. Troi, 17, is sentenced to die this Thursday. If he is executed, warned the A.P.'s caller, Smolen will die an hour later.

Grabbing the Credit. That put the U.S. in an odd corner. Ever since Troi's conviction, the U.S. embassy in Saigon has been quietly pressuring for his re-

prieve on the grounds that executing a fumbling 17-year-old kid would do no one any good. Premier Nguyen Khanh was warming to the idea, and Saigon newspapers reported a reprieve in the works weeks ago. As the State Department and the Pentagon size it up, the Venezuelan F.A.L.N. knew that, figured by kidnapping a U.S. hostage it could grab credit for something that was due to happen anyway.

BRAZIL

End of the Purges

After six months of housecleaning, Brazil's revolutionary government last week gave up its power to purge—just as President Humberto Castello Branco had promised it would. The bristles in Castello Branco's broom were two articles in the sweeping Institutional Act decreed by the revolutionaries after they deposed leftist President João Goulart last April. Under Article 10, which was in effect for two months, the government could revoke for ten years the political rights of anyone judged guilty of subversion or corruption; under Article 7, lasting six months, it could fire or retire any government employee judged guilty of similar offenses but who didn't warrant the bigger ax.

Article 10 was applied in secret, with no defense permitted; evidence was heard and acted upon behind closed doors by a panel of officers and civilians, who then presented their recommendations to President Castello Branco for approval. When it expired four months ago, 378 Brazilians, including three ex-Presidents (Juscelino Kubitschek, Jânio Quadros and the deposed João Goulart) had been stripped of their rights to vote, hold elective office or government jobs. With Goulart, it was academic, since he had fled to exile in Uruguay, but it ended, at least temporarily, the careers of Kubitschek and Quadros. Article 7 didn't use such star-chamber techniques. But in practice, accused persons often were given only a few hours to mount and present a defense before the judges.

The final list was not quite complete, but as Article 7 ran out last week, an estimated 3,300 Brazilians had lost their government jobs. Mostly they were professors, middle-echelon executives in government enterprises, local political appointees. The big surprise was how harshly the military dealt with officers who had wavered, however briefly, in the flash revolt: 26 of 82 active generals have been forced into retirement, along with eight of 68 admirals.

Critics of the purges contend that the victors turned them into an instrument of revenge, paying off old scores and sweeping hundreds of innocent people into the same dustbin with the guilty. There is probably some truth to the charge. But whatever the excesses, it is clear that the house has been cleaned of a good many crooks and virtually all of the undermining leftists, and constitutional law is now restored.



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PEOPLE

When Evangelist Billy Graham, 45, marched on Boston with his "Crusade for Christ" last month, Richard Cardinal Cushing, 69, then in Rome, issued a statement welcoming him. Last week in Boston, Billy called on the cardinal to thank him, and the meeting turned into a regular love feast. His Eminence asked Graham how he managed to look so fit. "I trust in the Lord and take vitamins," quipped Graham. Then he added: "I feel I have known you a long time. The police in Boston think you are the greatest." "You can see why I've never come within the arm of the law," chuckled Cushing. Said Billy: "I feel closer to many Catholic traditions than I do to some of the most liberal Protestants." Agreed the cardinal: "No Catholic can listen to you and not become a better Catholic."

"It's safer to stay with something you know something about" was clearly said by the grandson of the man who said, "People can have the Model T in any color, so long as it's black." Only Henry Ford II meant it, while that daredevil Henry Ford II, 44, threw caution aside and took a \$1,600 flyer in a Broadway musical, *Sugar City*, due in March. The auto heir has backed "two or three" other shows, none of which earned him a dime. But, as Granddad used to say, history is more or less bunk.

Washington's Henry ("Scoop") Jackson was first to go, then Oregon's Maurice Neuberger. Finally the founding member of the U.S. Senate's Pacific Northwest lonelyhearts club moved to adjourn permanently. In a Shoreham Hotel suite, Senate Chaplain Rev. Dr. Frederick Brown Harris married Washington's Warren G. Magnuson, 59, one of the capitol's most sociable eligibles since shortly after his first marriage ended in divorce in 1935, to Mrs. Jer-



BILLY GRAHAM & CARDINAL CUSHING
Trust in God—and vitamins.

maine Peralta, 41, a Seattle widow. The 20 guests included Lyndon and Lady Bird, but though the bride looked properly serene, those wedding bells nearly broke up poor old Maggie.

Eleven days in the intensive-care unit at Los Angeles' Good Samaritan Hospital nearly did the old movie hero in. "They kept bringing in all those cardiac cases," growled John Wayne, 57. "I was ready to shoot my way out." Hastily, they moved him to another floor to finish recovering from surgery for the removal of a lung abscess. Finally, 10 lbs. (and several shades of tan) lighter, the Duke strode from the sickbed into a brigade of reporters. Had it been cancer? A heart attack? "There's nothing to that," he roared, ripping open his shirt and showing his scar. "Take a look for yourself."

"He was my first colonel, who showed me the gift and art of command," says Charles de Gaulle in his memoirs, and he sorrowed in 1945 when Marshal Henri Pétain, hero of Verdun, was found guilty of treason for his chieftaincy of the pro-Nazi Vichy regime. De Gaulle commuted the old man's death sentence to life imprisonment. Now, 13 years after Pétain's death and burial on the Ile d'Yeu in the Bay of Biscay, the French press is alive with rumors that De Gaulle may accede to Pétain's wish to be interred at Verdun. So he may, but *le chef* has been angered by the buzz-huzz. The earliest date for reburial is now the 50th anniversary of the battle of Verdun, in 1966.

One has a husband in show business, the other a husband in shoe business, but Elizabeth Taylor, 32, and Debbie Reynolds, 32, do have something in common: an ex-husband. They also managed last week to land in the same boat, the *Queen Elizabeth*, bound from New York to Europe. Hordes of reporters descended on Pier 92 as the shipmates came aboard: Debbie with Husband Harry Karl; Liz with 127 pieces of luggage, four children, and—

oh, yes, someone in dark glasses whom a newsman called "Mr. Taylor." Another asked Liz if she planned to meet Debbie. "I would have dinner," she replied, "if invited." Would the unsinkable Mrs. Karl buy the Burtons a drink? "I'd have to ask my husband," she dimpled. "He has the money."

In Norfolk, Va., the estate of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, who died in April at 84, was appraised at \$2,131,941.89, bequeathed to his widow, Jean Faircloth MacArthur. Composed primarily of securities, it included 2,205 shares of G.M. (worth \$180,258.75), Los Angeles Metropolitan Transit Authority and Chesapeake Bay Bridge-Tunnel bonds (together worth \$291,007), and 1,903 shares (\$34,254) in Sperry Rand Corp., whose chairman he had been since 1955.

"I believe philanthropy generally is not attuned to the times," said John D. Rockefeller III, 58, at a banquet in Manhattan. "We are too ready to settle for the tried and proven. Rather than venture, we dwell on the problems of yesterday, neglectful of the new needs of today and the impatient future." Rockefeller urged that private philanthropists delegate more responsibility to Government for established needs in public health and welfare, devote private funds to speculative areas, such as population research and the arts.

Claiming they had suffered "embarrassment and mental agony," Robert Welch, 64, president of the John Birch Society, two aides and the society itself sued NBC in Fort Worth for \$8,000,000 in damages. A May 20 broadcast by Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, said the plaintiffs, falsely reported that the FBI had arrested "parties engaged in selling arms to the society." Said their lawyer: "More than likely, the broadcast went out all over the U.S., and we could have sued almost anywhere, but we wanted a more favorable climate, as distinguished from a climate that is ultra-liberal."



MAGNUSONS & WEDDING GUEST
Last in line—and nearly broken up.



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Cities are mushrooming into vast megalopolises, covering the old cornfields and potato patches.

And all the time, more babies, more mouths to feed.

What will happen by the year 2000 when our population doubles to more than 6 billion?

By that time, just 36 years from now, the world must triple its food production if we all are to have enough to eat.

How in the world are we going to do it?

One real solution is to bring agricultural science to peoples that have lacked it.

Olin is doing just that.

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Ammo-Phos is absorbed extremely fast and easily.

Result: more and better crops per acre than farmers had ever conceived possible.

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For further information on Ammo-Phos and other fertilizers, write: Olin, 460 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.





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Clockwise from left, the 1965 Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Cadillac, Buick and Pontiac at our Michigan proving ground.

Starting long before they went into production, we proved our 1965's the long way, the hard way—on the world's truest proving grounds. And by that we mean we put our cars through the same kinds of things you put them through, only rougher. A lot rougher.

Perhaps you leave your car outside overnight, but we left cars outside overnight, night after night, in the dead of a Michigan winter. On the cold start pad with the engines facing straight into an icy wind across an open field.

You may run into dust-choked roads on occasion. We made our own— in the laboratory to check body sealing and in the Arizona desert to

check engines and carburetors. Live in hilly country? We went right to Pikes Peak—and the even steeper hills we built ourselves at our Michigan proving ground.

If there's one thing we've learned by proving cars the way we do, it's that the right way to do it is to prove them all around—the long way, the hard way, the GM way. Because you drive all around.

That's how our 1965's got to be worth more to you when you buy them . . . and so likely to be worth more when you trade them in.

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General Motors cars are proved all around the clock, all around the calendar, all around the country, all around the car.

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We offer the world's largest selection of commercial printing papers. And we can help you use them with great imagination.

Champion Papers



MODERN LIVING



DAREN'S OTTERSTROMS



THE DUTCHERS



THE HUGHESSES



THE FELTS

There, but for the grace of God?

YOUTH

The Night of the Teen-Ager

It was a nice-looking group. The men wore quiet ties and dark, well-fitting suits; the women, mostly hatless and coiffed for the occasion, were in simple knits or tweeds, just the thing for the suburbs—even an appearance in court. These were the parents whose arrest for violation of a Connecticut statute against serving liquor to minors has sent a shock wave of there-but-for-the-grace-of-God-go-I across the country (TIME, Oct. 2).

The evening of last June 22 in Darien, Conn., had seemed like many another summer night. A vice president of the Johns-Manville Corp., Francis E. Dutcher, and his wife gave a dinner party for their debutante daughter Nancy. Then there was a dance for about 250 youngsters under a tent on the spacious grounds of Psychiatrist George S. Hughes and his wife, who were giving it with their friends, the William F. Otterstroms (he is general auditor of the Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.) and the Dudley Felts (he is a consulting engineer), in honor of the families' three debutante daughters. The trouble was that after the parties, 17-year-old Nancy Hitchings was killed in an automobile accident; and an indignant Circuit Court judge, Rodney S. Eielson, haled the parents into court.

The parents did not look as if they thought they were going to jail. They chatted quietly among themselves in the front of the courtroom, a comely group that under other circumstances might have been waiting for an admissions-committee meeting at the country club to get under way.

Behind them sat the other defendants: Science Teacher Carlton Josselyn, who had been earning extra money as a bartender, two part-time waiters, and the caterers, Mrs. Helen Bussey, 56, and Mrs. Emily Agnes Peterson, 51.

For these two ladies there was a shocking surprise: the prosecuting attorney charged them with an additional count of conspiracy on the ground that they had provided the bartenders. The case against the parents and caterers was postponed for a week.

Unrecognized. But the next day, Judge Eielson resumed the trial of Michael Valentine Smith, just turned 19, charged with reckless driving and negligent homicide.

Michael's defense, conducted by natty Lawyer Arthur ("Dart") O'Keefe Jr., who drives a Rolls-Royce and affects bowler hats and pin-stripe suits, is that he was just too drunk to have been driving Mrs. Hitchings' 1964 Ford station wagon at the time of the accident, and that Nancy herself must have been in the driver's seat. He claims to remember nothing of what happened that night.

"Michael was so drunk he didn't recognize me when I talked to him," testified William Alpert, 20, Michael's friend and fellow student at a three-year-old local junior college called Norwalk Community College. Alpert also testified that Nancy Hitchings, too, was "intoxicated to the degree that she kept asking me to dance. She would not have done that normally because she

was a lady and would not have been so aggressive."

A witness testified that Michael had not been driving when they left the Hughes party at 2:30 a.m.; Nancy's date, Jim Olsen, had been at the wheel, but they had dropped Olsen off at his house and then gone on—where, Michael does not remember. An hour later, and about 20 minutes before the accident, a police officer and a teen-ager both testified, they saw Michael driving the Hitchings car in the center of town.

Blood & Holes. Most of Michael's trial turned out to be a battle of accident experts. Nancy's father, George Hitchings, paid \$300 a day for the testimony of Alfred Moseley, a nationally recognized authority, who claims to have investigated more than 15,000 automobile accidents. Moseley contended that Michael must have been driving because 1) Nancy's blood was found on the right side of the car roof; 2) there was a hole in the rubber floor mat on the passenger's side, which he claimed was made by one of her high heels on impact. The car, he said, had skidded, gone through 72 feet of hedge, hit a tree and turned over once, catapulting Michael across the front seat and through the open right door. Defense Lawyer O'Keefe, on the other hand, called an accident expert of his own to testify that the car had not turned over at all, and that Michael must have been on the passenger's side to have gone out the right door. The court went outside to study the crushed and battered car, in which Nancy's body had been found.

George Hitchings, who is a vice president of American Airlines, took the stand to admit that his daughter Nancy had recently complained of a couple of blackouts lasting a minute or more, but that after visiting two doctors, including Psychiatrist Hughes, nothing had been found to be wrong. Michael, slender and sullenly hand-



MICHAEL & MOTHER

Last memory of a lost evening.



THE CAR

Who was in the driver's seat?

some, puffed a cigarillo during a recess and expressed the hope to reporters that "now at least parents will realize they have to do something about this problem of teen-age drinking." His widowed mother, a secretary for CBS in Stamford, sat behind him throughout the trial, neat and archetypically suburban in a grey wool suit.

Vodka on the School Bus. On the stand, Michael testified that he remembered arriving at the Dutchers' for dinner (where he was Nancy Dutcher's date "and acted as co-host"), drinking and chatting for about 45 minutes before dinner, arriving at the Hughes's coming-out party about 9:45 p.m., going through the receiving line, and heading for the tent, where there was dancing and two bars—one for hard liquor and one for soft drinks. About the only thing Michael remembered of the party was kissing a girl named Cindy Whelan on the dance floor and getting pushed around for it by her date. He did not recall being with Nancy Hitchings at any time that night, attributing his loss of memory chiefly to the concussion he had suffered in the accident which left him unconscious for two and a half days.

All through the trial, over a hundred dinner tables, Darien parents kept protesting that Darien was no different from any other high-tax suburb on the flanks of a hundred other U.S. cities. But even to some of the inhabitants, Darien seemed wilder than most. In the weekly *Darien Review*, Episcopal Rector William C. Barlett described the town as a place "where ninth-graders drink vodka on the school bus." Early this year an entrepreneur opened a teen-age nightclub that had dancing but only soft drinks. It failed. "The kids around here just won't go to a place where they can't drink," complained the owner. Where do they go? Either to private parties or across the line to New York, where the drinking age is only 18.

At week's end, the verdict on the

trial was still not in; nor was the verdict on Darien. But Judge Eielson had his own views: "I don't think things are the way they should be in a community," he said, "where the majority of 250 youngsters are drunk by the end of the evening—think what a percentage of the families in Darien that figure represents—where teen-agers can force parents to reopen the bar at 12:30 in the morning, and where it seems that almost all of those kids left the party with a different date than they started with."

FASHION

In the Stretch

The first stretch fabric, of course, was skin. It fit fairly well, withstood wear and tear (scuff marks, lipstick traces, even wine stains vanished in a jiffy), but wrinkled like crazy: a knee bend, for example, caused the stuff to stretch 45%, a shoulder shrug, 16%. After as little as 30 bending, shrugging years, shape was sure to go. Fortunately, skilled technicians got to work on the problem, finally turned up with an A-No. 1 solution called polyurethane elastomeric yarn (spandex) that stretches like skin, leaves no telltale bags or sags, and springs back into good-as-new condition without benefit of plastic surgery.

One Giant Step. In theory, stretch fabrics have been around since 1947, when the discovery of vertically stretchable textured yarn hit the slopes, making ski pants as stylish as well as a sturdy business. Chemical processes like slack mererizing (by which the fabric, not the raw fiber, is made resilient after it is woven) left cottons and wools horizontally stretchable, did wonders for men's oxford shirts. Spandex, a wholly elastic fiber produced by Du Pont in 1958, revitalized bathing suits, hosiery and undergarments. But the big breakthrough came only last spring, when Du Pont went one giant step farther with the discovery of a core-spun process (with spandex as the core around which

staple yarns might be wrapped or spun). The result: a versatile, sure-fire way to convert every conventionally rigid fabric in the world into stuff that stretched up and down, back and forth, to and fro, and never once ran out of breadth. Accordingly, a whole new galaxy of stretch fabric appeared, all developed around a spandex core, ranging from broadacre to burlesque to twill. Not all of them cling to the skin, but the stretch qualities let them give when and where they have to.

This tall, stretch is the biggest word in fashion. Sportswear manufacturers are designing stretch shirts, stretch shorts, stretch dungarees, stretch skirts, jumpers and jump suits (one-piece outfits, designed as lounge wear but equally at home in the cockpit). Lingerie makers, longtime fanciers of "the flexible look," are offering a flock of pliable bras and girdles, stretched the point with a nightgown topped in stretch lace and called "the Jean Harlow." The children's wear industry got busy on stretch coveralls and snowsuits. Men's wear merchandisers offered stretch slacks (no bagging at knees or seat).

No Little Old Lady. But no one stood to benefit more than the 20 million American women who cannot fit into standard-size fashions without major alterations. For them, spandex means clothes that will give a little here or there and keep them out of the hands of the little old lady who lets out seams and fixes the collar lines. Even high-style couturiers, who have a tendency to sniff at anything not imported from foreign showrooms, showed high-style appreciation. Some—like Oleg Cassini and Hannah Troy—went so far as to rush right in with some select stretch dresses with give where it counts.

The new stretch clothes may cost an estimated 5% more than the old-style stuff, but response so far indicates that no one minds much. In a pinch, even a pocketbook can be made to stretch.



JUMP SUIT

UNDERWEAR

Away with sags, bags and plastic surgery



I've always been fascinated by the workings of the Electoral College.

Are they in the Ivy League?



The Electoral College is what we're going to vote for November third.

I thought we were going to vote for President.



We are, but indirectly. When we vote for a candidate, we really vote for a slate of electors. If a majority of our man's electors get elected, our man will be President.

My, that's interesting.



Five weeks after election day, the Electoral College meets to actually name the President.

How can we be sure they'll name the same man the newspapers did?



Since Rutherford B. Hayes, the outcome has been an absolutely sure thing.

Sometimes I wish I could be sure of how things will be five weeks in advance.



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SHOW BUSINESS

RADIO-TELEVISION

Skyrocket

A few years ago Yogi Berra was asked what he thought of Mel Allen as a sportscaster. "Too many words," said Berra.

Last week 51-year-old Mel Allen's protean output of words dropped momentarily to zero. As the World Series opened, the Voice of the Yankees was in Stamford, Conn., watching the game on television with friends. In his place the Yanks installed Phil Rizzuto, the once Yankee shortstop who has been broadcasting Yankee games as a colleague of Allen's for eight years.

Words & Scholarships. Questions started rising like pop flies, asking who held the hatchet. But clearly the Yankees had sacked their own man. Allen's contract runs out this year, and the Yankees have been holding secret talks with other announcers for weeks.

Allen has been gabbing for pay ever since his student days at the University of Alabama, when, as Mel Israel, he broadcast Alabama baseball and football games and was so renowned for his glibness and precocity (the matriculated at 15) that he was nicknamed Skyrocket. Son of a dry-goods merchant, he studied law but before he started practice he got a call to big-time broadcasting and could not resist it. Almost at once he was assigned to the Yankees, and the Yankees have been a major part of his life for 25 years. He has never married. He shares his home in Westchester with his parents. In 1950 the Yankees gave him a Mel Allen Day in Yankee Stadium and handed him \$55,000 worth of gewgaws, including a Cadillac and \$10,000 in cash. Allen contributed the cash part to college scholarships.

Pale Blue Filler. Up in the broadcast booth, he was indeed some rambler, take it from Berra. He could not resist telling TV fans in his cornpone drawl every last detail of what they could see for themselves. Moreover, with a journalist's eye for firsts and a statistician's

mania for the minutiae of baseball, he was fond of confiding to his listeners that, say, the bunt that had just been witnessed was the first ever laid down by a left-handed rightfielder in an August night game with two men on base and one out. In the few moments when the 90 million known facets of the diamond happened to fail him, he always had a filler nonetheless. "International Falls is the coldest place in the U.S.," he once said out of the pale, pale blue. "Temperaturewise, that is."

Another reason Allen may be through is that for all his knowledge of baseball, he cannot speak with the assured insight of a fellow who has once played the major league game. In the booth where Allen would have been sitting last week were Rizzuto and Joe Garagiola, who once caught for the Cardinals. Baseball players, brainwise, used to be presumed capable of little more skill in the arts of communication than a repertory of meta-laryngeal grunts. But Rizzuto and Garagiola are both articulate, witty, catlike on top of the play by play, and full of first-person-singular remarks about how it is done. Example:

Joe (to Phil): "You could hunt and you could run—a good wheel, as they say."

Phil: "I had to be good, or I'd have been back in the minors . . . You need a slow third baseman, tall grass, salt dirt."

Joe: "No wonder I couldn't hunt." Or, on chewing tobacco:

Joe: "You know, you have to chew on the side of your face away from the pitcher or you can't see the pitch right."

Mel Allen will continue his N.C.A.A. Football and weekend Monitor broadcasts for NBC. But now that baseball has found its own voice, it apparently does not need Skyrocket.

Tripleheader

The honored art of pure slapstick is so out of vogue that few people even remember that the word refers to an actual stick—"a device," says Webster, "made of two flat pieces of wood, sometimes used in farce by one actor striking another in such a way as from the loud noise to make it appear that the blow was a severe one." One might think that television would be a wilderness of slapstick, but actually there is remarkably little of it. Last week NBC tried to change this situation by introducing three new slapstick comedies in one 90-minute package.

Nudes & Tirades. Called *90 Bristol Court*, the program was conceived and largely written by Joe Connelly and Bob Mosher, who wrote and produced the old *Amos 'n' Andy* series. Each half-hour is a series starring a different set of people, all of whom live in the same complex of garden apartments. In the first segment last week, a 16-year-old girl (Debbie Watson) drove to an air-

port to pick up an Italian exchange student who was to be her blind date for a school prom. Instead, she picked up Alberto Giacometti, or his equivalent, a world-famous Italian sculptor, who happened to be passing through with a sensational bronze nude in his hand.

The middle-aged Giacometti, who could not speak a word of English, so found himself in an American living room being looked over by a suspicious father. To get rid of him, the daughter craftily telephoned an Italian butcher, who blasted Giacometti over the phone



LEGS AT BRISTOL COURT
Slapstick, 90 minutes.

for being a dirty old man. The show succeeded in a swirl of mistaken identities, mistaken overcoats and wonderful long tirades in uninterrupted Italian.

Consummate Cleavage. The second segment was about a lantern-jawed toad (Jack Klugman), whose secretary was so dumb that she wrote him notes so badly garbling the English language that she said RETURN A MOOSE'S HARNES when she meant RETURN MRS. HARRIS' CALL. It fuzzed not fairly hill airy us. But the third was plotted with Elizabethan comedic geometries. The net end of its contrivances was to place a consummately luscious, half-dressed young wife in the same apartment with two unlikely men, both innocent of adulterous intent, while her savagely jealous husband was closing in for the kill. New dimensions of television were opened as the camera focused down her talented cleavage and fondly delineated the removal of a stocking from a leg that could wake the Visigoths.

THE ROAD

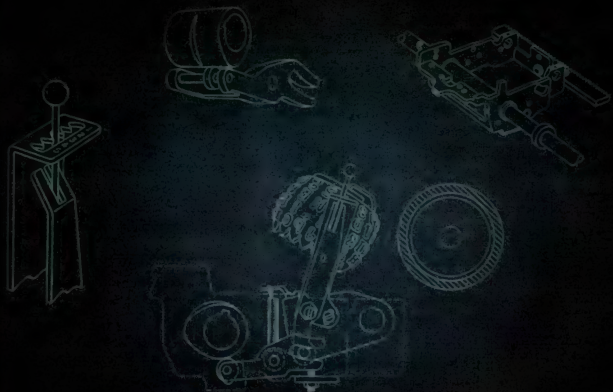
It Beats All

Sheet by sheet, they cut the precious cotton into one-inch squares. Who? Two Chicago entrepreneurs who followed the Beatles on the road last month and bought the Beatles' used bed sheets and pillowslips for \$1.50 from hotels in Detroit and Kansas City.

The total yield was 160,000 bits of Beetle sheet. The entrepreneurs have mounted each on a certificate showing a fourposter and identifying the individual Beetle whose scented sweat was presumed to be embedded in the weave. Price: \$1.



MEL ALLEN & SOUVENIRS
Baseballwise, no words.



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2. Diversipipe® Hose handles slurry since 1951 without a breakdown. 12" Diversipipe removes slurries of gypsum, water and acid at this Texas petroleum plant. Failure could cause costly shutdown. Hose has kept material flowing for 13 years—under extremes of weather and abrasion, plus mild acid attack.



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Gas cooling may be as popular as Gas heat in years to come. 8 out of 10 new homes across the country are being

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SPORT

THE OLYMPICS

For Gold, Silver & Bronze

On and on they came—purple-turbaned Indians, saffron-robed Ghanians, Bermudians in (what else?) Bermuda shorts, Americans in I.B.J. hats, Russians waving red ribbons at the cheering crowd. Trumpets blared, cannons roared, and screaming jets traced the five-ringed Olympic symbol in the sky. Onto the rust-colored track at Tokyo's National Stadium trotted Yoshinori Sakai, a 19-year-old student who was born near Hiroshima just hours after the atomic bomb fell on the city. Carrying aloft the blazing Olympic torch, Sakai bounded up a flight of 179 steps, thrust it into a cauldron of oil. Flames leapt up, and halfway around the world, in Manhattan and Mexico City, sports fans watched the dramatic moment on TV—relayed with marvelous clarity by the satellite Syncom III, orbiting 22,000 miles above the International Dateline. The XVIII Olympiad had begun.

A Show to Remember. Tokyo was scheduled for the 1940 Olympics, but the games were canceled because of the war. Now, at a cost of \$2 billion, the sports-mad Japanese were determined to make up for it—with a show the world would never forget. Flags honoring 94 nations flew everywhere in Tokyo—7,000 of them, tended by 10,000 uniformed boy scouts. Hotels were jammed with 130,000 foreign tourists hard put to take in all the shrines, nightclubs and kabuki shows. Special police squad cars manned by a corps of smiling interpreters cruised the city searching for the lost, or merely bewildered-looking foreigners. Quaint old Japanese customs were put aside to make sure that Tokyo presented only its most decorous face to the visitors—five people were summarily arrested for urinating in the streets—and signs in the subways carefully instructed young *choshuns* in the mysterious ways of the West with polite reminders that “lady-first etiquette is common practice overseas. Do not mistake it as an expression of love.”

Probably no athletes in history have ever been accorded such tender loving care. In the Olympic village, 650 bicycles stood ready in case any Olympian tired of walking. An International Club helped while away their idle hours, dispensing free milk and Ovaltine to the strains of a red-hot jazz combo. In the dining rooms, 300 chefs labored nightly to prepare 490,000 meals, whomping up everything from scones to sukiyaki for their charges. And there, among the hustling waiters, was Hirohito's grandson, who signed on for \$1.95 a day. It was all too much for a pair of Australian girl swimmers; in three days they gained six pounds apiece, and then their coach started counting the calories.

As always, somebody tried to make



RUNNER SAKAI CARRYING TORCH
650 bikes for tired athletes.

political hay out of all the fun and games. Just before the balloons went up, North Korea and Indonesia angrily withdrew when the Olympic Committee refused to lift its ban on athletes who had competed in President Sukarno's blacklisted Games of the New Emerging Forces last year. But they were hardly missed among the 7,000 sturdy youngsters competing for 499 gold, silver and bronze medals in 20 sports.

From All Quarters. The U.S., fielding its biggest and strongest team ever, was favored to win 13 gold medals in track and field alone, another 14 in swimming. But the rest of the world was catching up fast, and the competition was coming from all quarters: Cuban and Venezuelan sprinters, a German pole vaulter, a Czechoslovakian discus thrower, a Chinese in the decathlon. Plus, of course, the Russians. Lest they succumb to the charms of Tokyo, they were bundled off to the mountain resort of Nikko, 100 miles away, for a week of seclusion before the games.

BASEBALL

Rap on the Knuckles

“It's a good thing the Yankees are here,” said Third Baseman Ken Boyer of the St. Louis Cardinals. “This wouldn't seem like the World Series without them.” Sure the Yankees were there. They always are: 15 times in the last 18 years.

The Cards were the surprise. A month

before, they were 8½ games out of first place, and Owner Gussie Busch had already lined up Leo Durocher to replace sad-faced Manager Johnny Keane. Now, so the story went, Beer Baron Busch was paying Durocher \$100,000 just to stay away from the ballpark.

Off the Fists. After the first game, the Yanks wished they had stayed home too. "Damn," complained Pitcher Whitey Ford, watching the Cards take batting practice in Busch Stadium. "They're hitting them into the stands off their fists." The Yankees had all kinds of complaints: the dirt was too hard, the wind too strong, the fences too short, and the outfield grass looked as though it had been mowed with mortar shells. In the second inning, Rightfielder Mickey Mantle proved that his throwing arm was good as ever—by firing the ball clear into the grandstand on a play at the plate: Leftfielder Tommy Tresh misplayed an easy liner into a triple, Catcher Elston Howard was charged with two passed balls, and Third Baseman Clete Boyer watched a grounder trickle right between his legs—prompting a friendly note from Brother Ken: "No. 6, watch out for those hops. (Signed) No. 14." Cardinal Outfielder Mike Shannon put the finishing touch on a 9-5 St. Louis victory with a 500-ft. homer that clipped the leftfield scoreboard—between the H and the U in BLUEWEISER. Said Shannon modestly: "I just closed my eyes and swung."

By the time the second game was over, the Yankees were a whole lot happier: they had an 8-3 victory, a two-game total of 24 hits (two more than they got in the whole 1963 series against the Los Angeles Dodgers), and a fantastic team batting average of .325. What's more, they were going home to cavernous Yankee Stadium. Said Pitcher Ford: "The Cards will die in Dead Man's Gulch." But the Cards had something going for them, too: a retired stripper in Venice, Fla., named Fifi LaTour, who had been sending them postcards all season long predicting that they would win the pennant. Now Fifi was phoning in her World Series forecast. "She says we won't come back from New York," exulted a Cardinal. "She says we'll win it there."

On the Horns. The Cards certainly did try. After 8½ innings, the two teams were locked in a tight, 1-1 pitching duel. Then Cardinal Starter Curt Simmons gave way to Reliever Barney Schultz, an ancient knuckleballer who had knocked around 19 teams in 21 years. Up came Mickey Mantle, whose second error of the Series had set up the lone St. Louis run. "I was wearing the horns," said Mantle afterward. "I had to do something." Schultz threw—a knuckle ball that didn't quite knuckle. Mantle swung—and hammered a drive that was still climbing when it bounced off the upper deck, 400 ft. away. And the Yankees took the lead in the Series, two games to one.

Fifi? Say something, Fifi.

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EDUCATION

LANGUAGE

The Slogan Society

In politics, it seems, bad times make good slogans. Herbert Hoover's promise of "a chicken in every pot" did not get him re-elected in 1932, but it was a far more ingenious catch phrase than the Republicans' 1944 theme, "Time for a change," or "I like Ike" in 1952. And for all John F. Kennedy's eloquence, no Democratic orator since the Depression has matched Franklin D. Roosevelt's phrasemaking prowess on behalf of "the forgotten man." Lyndon Johnson's vision of "the Great Society" is not only vague, but *vieille vague* as well; the

call verbal formulas that promise to make dreams come true through sheer repetition. On the other hand, observes San Francisco State College's S. I. Hayakawa, a pioneering U.S. semanticist, "You don't move a mass society with a volume by Galbraith." Particularly in the U.S., as Cambridge Historian Denis Brogan has pointed out, "the evocative power of verbal symbols must not be despised, for these are and have been one of the chief means of uniting the United States and keeping it united."

The most effective political slogans are timely, yet live long beyond their time. Passing into the language, they help crystallize great issues of the past

A Chicken In Every Pot * The
Forgotten Man * Blood, Sweat
and Tears * All the Way with
L.B.J. * Peace and Prosperity
Peace In Our Time * The Full
Dinner Pail * You Never Had
It So Good * Give Me Liberty
or Give Me Death * I Like Ike

term was the title of a 1914 book by British Political Psychologist Graham Wallas, and the idea is as old as Plato's *Republic*. Equally luckless is Barry Goldwater's "In your heart you know he is right"—which I.B.J. could not resist parodying in his speech before the Steelworkers' Union last month ("You know in your heart that I am telling you the truth").

"Word Magic." To many scholars, all slogans are bad slogans. George Mowry, dean of social sciences at U.C.L.A., argues that they "compress a lot of truth into what is basically an untruth." Indeed, for the majority of voters not inclined to analyze issues for themselves, slogans are a welcome substitute for logical argument. "Most people would rather die than think," says Bertrand Russell. "In fact, some do." Russell's own ban-the-bomb marchers, mindlessly chanting "Better Red than dead," prove his point.

Phrases such as "Peace in our time" and "Prosperity is just around the corner" invoke "word magic," as linguists

for future generations: "Give me liberty or give me death"; "*Lebensraum*"; "The world must be made safe for democracy"; "There'll always be an England"; "unconditional surrender"; "The Great Leap Forward"; "We shall overcome." In an increasingly complex society, as Hayakawa points out, such coinages are essential "short cuts to a consensus."

Seven Is Tops. The word "slogan," from the Gaelic *sluagh* (army) and *gairm* (a call), originally meant a call to arms—and some of history's most stirring slogans, from "Erin go bragh" to "Remember Pearl Harbor" have been just that. In peacetime, argues Hayakawa, electorates respond more readily to slogans that promise change, since people are rarely satisfied with things as they are. One notable exception was the catch phrase that helped return Britain's Tory Party to power in 1959: "You never had it so good." In general, though, Democrats, like detergent manufacturers, favor slogans that offer a new and better product ("New

Deal," "New Frontier"). The Grand Old Party, like whisky distillers, prefer to emphasize aged-in-the-wood reliability, from Abraham Lincoln's "Don't swap horses in the middle of the stream" to 1924's "Keep cool with Coolidge."

To be fully effective, say psychologists, a slogan should express a single idea in seven words or less. "It is a psychological fact," says Harvard's Gordon Allport, "that seven is the normal limit of rote memory." (Example: telephone numbers.) Whether plugging catch words or a candidate, sloganeers lean heavily on such verbal devices as alliteration ("Korea, Communism, Corruption"), rhyme ("All the way with L.B.J."), or a combination of both ("Tippecanoe and Tyler Too"). Other familiar standbys are paradox ("We have nothing to fear but fear itself"), metaphor ("Just the kiss of the hops"), metonymy ("The full dinner pail"), parody (a Norwegian travel folder promises "a Fjord in Your Future"), and punning ("Every little bit helps"). By using what semanticists call "affective" language, many slogans deliberately exploit chauvinism ("Mad as Texas by Texans"), xenophobia ("Yankee go home"), insecurity ("Even your best friends won't tell you"), narcissism ("Next to myself I like B.V.D. best"), escapism ("I dreamed I barged down the Nile in my Maidenform bra").

Long before poet T. S. Eliot expounded his theory of the "auditory imagination," Pioneer Adman Earnest Elmo Calkins used pocket poetry to make "Phoebe Snow" glamorize passenger service on the coal-burning Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. Slogans nearly always overload the language and often debase it ("coffee or coffee"), English teachers curse Madison Avenue for institutionalizing bad grammar with such calculated lapses as "us Tareyton smokers" and "like a cigarette should." By contrast, some of history's most enduring slogans were plucked from literature: Winston Churchill's call to "blood, sweat and tears"—boiled down from his first state ment as Prime Minister in 1940, "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat"—was adapted from a passage in a 1931 book by Churchill; but strikingly similar words were used in previous centuries by the British poets John Donne, Byron and Lord Alfred Douglas.

The Boomerang. "Knocking" slogans in adman's parlance, are apt to be risky—though pollsters find that the "carpet bagger" label has been damaging to Robert Kennedy's senatorial campaign in New York. By failing to repudiate promptly a supporter's denunciation of

as Tyler was the Whig vice-presidential candidate in 1840. "Tippecanoe" was used to glamorize Gentleman Farmer William Henry Harrison, who had scored a dubious victory over the Indians in a skirmish at Martin Van Buren in the election. A more forgettable Whig slogan affirmed: "With Tip and Tyler we'll have Van's biter."

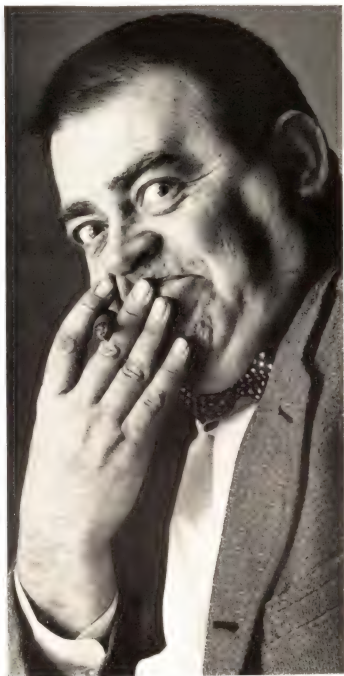
**Talk about being
henpecked.
Joe rents cars from
National because
he's afraid to
go home without
S&H Green Stamps.**

Let's lay it on the line. All three big coast-to-coast car rental agencies have sparkling, new equipment. (National has '65 Fords and other fine cars.) Service, rates and company discounts are also the same. So why does National stand out? Because National Car Rental gives S&H Green Stamps...free! Go on...rent National and get Green Stamps. Prove to the wife you were thinking of her while you were away.

S&H Green Stamps...at no extra cost

National Car Rental

In Canada, it's Tilden Rent-A-Car/ National honors major credit cards



**I rent National cars
because I like the sound
of their horns.**

The REX — Silk Label Series, Model 280-4, Plain Toe Blucher in Imported Black or Golden Harvest Scotch Grain Full Leather Lined.

The REX — Silk Label Series, Model 276-4, Wing Tip in Imported Black or Golden Harvest Scotch Grain Full Leather Lined.



**STEP-AHEAD STYLING
WITH
COMFORT!**



Styling others are sure to copy. Leather craftsmanship that's uniquely MASSAGIC. And comfort that nobody has yet surpassed. Good reasons all for seeing the newest MASSAGICs now! Write for illustrated folder. *From \$16.95 to \$28.95. Silk Label Series from \$19.95.*

MASSAGIC

Air Cushion Shoes

WEYEMER SHOE MANUFACTURING CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin



POLICE SUBDUING DEMONSTRATOR

After the brawl, baby bottles and box lunches.



PARENTS BEING HAULED TO COURT

"rim, Romanism and rebellion" in 1884, James G. Blaine lost New York's electoral votes and the presidential election against Grover Cleveland. Barry Goldwater has probably lost votes by charging that Lyndon Johnson is "soft on Communism"—an inflammatory Republican slogan a decade ago, but now a burnt-out cliché. Another Goldwater slogan that boomeranged was "extremism in the defense of liberty"—even if it was intended as a paraphrase of Tom Paine's aphorism: "Moderation in temper is always a virtue, but moderation in principle is always a vice."

To be compelling, a slogan must have all the simple. Its acceptance, says University of Houston Psychologist Richard Evans, "is rooted in man's basic intolerance for ambiguity." But it doesn't always work that way. One of the most successful slogans in recent years was a "Vote for clean water" campaign in St. Louis, which led many citizens to believe that a proposed \$95 million bond issue would be spent to purify their drinking water. In fact, it was intended to reduce pollution of the Mississippi River downstream from the city, but confused St. Louisans passed the bond issue in a 5-1 landslide. Nothing ambiguous about that.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Battle of the Moms

"When you see that man," the mother instructed her young son, "spit at him." The man was Thomas F. Nevins, an assistant superintendent of the New York City board of education. The mother was one of 65 parents who for three days had forced their way into Jackson Heights' P.S. 149, children in tow, to protest the compulsory exchange of students between the previously all-white school and one predominantly attended by Negroes six blocks away.

Last week, while children howled and mothers screamed defiance, police hauled the demonstrators off to criminal

court after a melee that stunned the nation's biggest school system. The demonstrators were old hands: members of Parents and Taxpayers (P.A.T.), the white organization that staged a massive citywide school boycott last month in an unsuccessful attempt to pressure the board into canceling calculated plans for ending *de facto* segregation at a handful of New York City's 850 public schools.

The battle of the moms began with a signal from P.A.T. leader Mrs. Joan Addabbo, a 28-year-old mother of two. The parents broke through police lines into P.S. 149. But police inside the entrance locked arms, formed a human chute that funneled the crowd into the auditorium. As each parent entered the hall, Nevins shouted: "You have no legal right to be in this building. You are under arrest." Outside, 300 P.A.T. pickets turned nasty as dark-green police vans rolled up to a side entrance. When police tried to herd their prisoners into the vans, someone shouted, "Don't let them!" and the riot was on. The scuffle, brief but bloody, finally ended when a P.A.T. lawyer borrowed a bull horn from the police and calmed down his followers.

P.A.T. partisans were well prepared for their arrest. One mother brought diapers, changed her baby on a court bench. Others came with baby bottles and box lunches. Taken before the judge in relays of five, the parents were charged with loitering on school premises, a form of disorderly conduct punishable by up to 60 days in jail. Then they were released in their own custody to await trial next month.

P.A.T. counted the violence and arrests a gain. "We have made our point," exulted one P.A.T. official. The board grimly agreed. "Force was brought to our doorstep," protested Superintendent of Schools Calvin Gross, warning that he would not wait two days next time to arrest parents who threatened yet another sit-in.



ASTROJET AND ASTROVISION ARE SERVICE MARKS OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

They're flying in two different worlds.

The story of Astrovision

Astrovision is American Airlines' new, exclusive entertainment system.

It's like nothing ever seen in the air before. Because if there's one thing Astrovision isn't, it's pushy.

Just because your neighbor wants to watch a first-run movie—or a television program—doesn't mean you must, too.

Switch to stereo and you can enjoy classical or popular music.

(We figure, if husbands and wives can't always agree, why should com-

plete strangers be any different?)

Of course, you can always take off your headset and just rest. Or work—we've thought of that, too.

Instead of the conventional screen in the middle of the aisle, Astrovision uses personalized monitors mounted right in the seats in First Class (one for every two passengers) and on the overhead shelf in our Royal Coachman section (one set for every nine passengers). That way, you never have to sit in a darkened cabin.

Astrovision is already available on selected transcontinental flights, and will soon be on other major Astrojet routes as well.

The next time you're planning to fly, call American Airlines, or see your travel agent, and ask for reservations on an Astrovision flight. We try to have something for everybody on them.

We even pass out magazines.

American Airlines

Glass Conditioning:
Hospital uses
remarkable glass from PPG
to subdue summer sun
and winter cold



Outside, the Minnesota sun glints brightly . . . sends its brilliance dancing brashly across the broad expanse of window. Inside the mood is calm.

This modern hospital wing has been Glass Conditioned.

LHR[®] SOLARGRAY[™] TWINDOW[™], a product of Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, lets in the beauty of the outdoors, but reflects excessive heat and glare. And since the TWINDOW unit is two panes of glass enclosing a layer of dry air, the room is insulated against heat, cold

and noise. Northfield Hospital patients enjoy the beauty of the outdoors in comfort.

Glass Conditioning with new LHR (Light and Heat Reflective) SOLARGRAY TWINDOW and other PPG environmental glasses is the modern way to control the effects of the sun's heat and light. These products cost surprisingly little when their effect on heating and air conditioning costs is figured in. Look into the advantages of Glass Conditioning. Ask your architect or write for more information.

Pittsburgh
Plate Glass
Company,
Pittsburgh, Pa.



PPG makes
the glass
that makes
the difference



Glittering highlight illustrates how LHR SOLARGRAY TWINDOW reflects the sun's harshest rays, provides maximum indoor comfort and privacy without drawing the blinds. Photo above is exterior of room at left.



Because of PPG environmental glass, a nurse enjoys the beauty of the outdoors in comfort—even in direct sunlight. Hospital is in Northfield, Minnesota. Architect: Sovik, Mathre & Madson, Northfield, Minnesota.

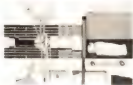
Glass Conditioning is a service mark of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company.

North American Aviation Helped Pioneer the Peaceful Atom in

Electricity



Medicine



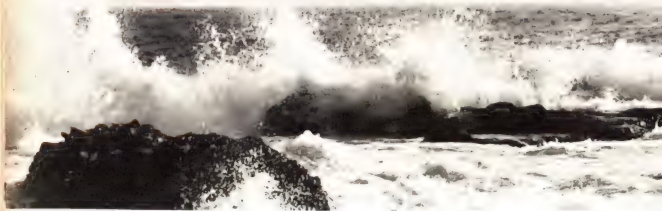
Industry



Research



Space



**Now it is ready to use
the atom to convert
salt water to fresh**

The dual purpose nuclear reactor will benefit man by solving two pressing problems. It will generate electricity and convert salt water to fresh at the same time. North American Aviation/Atomics International is applying more than 18 years of nuclear experience to this challenge. Atomics International is one of seven divisions at NAA... a corporation dedicated to advancing the frontiers of science in electronics, rocketry, aviation, life sciences, space flight and nuclear energy.

North American Aviation



Atomics International, Autonetics, Columbus, Los Angeles, Rocketdyne, Science Center, Space & Information Systems

U.S. BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Action in the Three-I League

Businessmen keep a sharp eye on a trio of supremely important and closely related factors that make up the economy's three-I league: inflation, inventories and interest rates. When businessmen start building up their inventories at a rapid pace, they have historically helped bring on inflation, which the Government then seeks to curb by boosting interest rates and slowing down the economy. The current economic expansion has been long-lived and steady precisely because inventories have stayed lean, prices stable and credit free and easy. Last week, however, there were rumblings, rumors and signs of concern on all three fronts.

Overworked Steelmen. The Commerce Department reported that inventories generally continue to run at a modern-day low, averaging only \$3 worth of goods on the shelves for every \$2 worth of monthly sales, and that production rose faster than stockpiles in August. But business psychology—that elusive but important factor in gauging the economy's course—has undergone a subtle change as a result of the auto labor settlements (see Labor). More than 25% of the nation's purchasing agents report that they have started to stock up in expectation of a series of generous wage hikes and price increases after the election, as well as continuation of good business and heavy demand well into next year.

Partly as a result of corporate hedging against inflation, backlogs of unfilled orders have jumped smartly in the metals industries. Inventories of steel are running close to 20% higher than a year ago because users in the auto, appliances and can industries are converting their plentiful cash and credit into stockpiles as a defense against price rises or the possibility of a steel strike next May. The overworked steelmakers have stretched out many delivery times to four months and have pushed production to a two-year high of 81% of capacity—and would be producing even more were it not for a shortage of skilled labor so acute that 3,000 steel jobs are open in the Chicago area.

Inflationary Flutters. Such strong demand is added temptation for the steelmakers to post a long-sought price hike after the election—especially when fears of inflation do not seem to be deterring other industries from raising prices. In the past few weeks, prices have increased for copper, zinc, tin, chemicals, paper and rubber. Viewing all this, and perhaps anxious to test a harbinger of overall rise, U.S. Steel and Inland Steel last week increased by 17% the price of the reinforcing bars widely used in construction.

These inflationary flutters are keenly felt by the sensitive and watchful Fed-

eral Reserve Board, and they serve in general to make the board less reluctant to risk an economic slowdown by stepping up interest rates. Lately it has issued warnings about that possibility in the hope of talking businessmen out of overbuying, or hoarding prices too much. Though the board is usually as secretive and unpredictable as the CIA, broad hints that it may soon tighten money were voiced last week by three insiders—the presidents of the New York and Cleveland Federal Reserve banks and the board's economic advisor, Guy Noyes. Chairman William McChesney Martin Jr. seemed somewhat more sanguine. Said he: "Actually, the price situation is healthy today

first to introduce movies to fly by, took double-page ads in newspapers to boast of the superiority of its single, cabin screen over the smaller, seat TV screens just introduced by American Airlines. American, equipped to receive TV as well as to show Hollywood movies, fought back by running the World Series telecasts on its Chicago-Los Angeles flights. United Air Lines has just started showing cabin-screened movies on its Honolulu run, plans to extend the service soon to its transcontinental flights. Continental Air Lines next month will inaugurate a Golden Movie service with small TV screens, and Pan American World Airways, Eastern Air Lines and several other



PASSENGERS WATCHING MOVIES ON TWA

Next: Bulldog Drummond and softer headsets.

except for an incipient tendency of some prices to break out on the plus side." Martin means that prices are beginning to rise, and to judge whether that and the increased stockpiling mean the start of inflation, he and his colleagues will "reappraise" the board's easy-money policies within a month.

AVIATION

Coffee, Tea or Doris Day

When it comes to fares and equipment, major U.S. airlines are so much alike that they must constantly maneuver for competitive advantage by offering some extra touch. They have tried champagne, caviar and credit, but the latest dogfight in the skies is over a rapidly spreading innovation that promises to change the whole character of flights: movies and TV shows in the air. In-flight entertainment, which was used by only two airlines only a few months ago, is causing more excitement in the industry than anything since the jet.

Last week Trans World Airlines, the

lines are studying plans for providing their passengers with escapism-vision too. So swiftly has entertainment taken hold in the airline industry that delegates to the International Air Transport Association, meeting in Athens last week, spent much of their time debating how to deal with it.

"Adults Only." The international airlines would like to prevent the spread of in-flight entertainment because of its cost, but that does not seem to bother the American lines much. (Pakistan—oddly enough—is the only foreign country whose airline shows movies, but that is bound to change.) TWA spends up to \$2,000,000 a year to lease its equipment and movies from Inflight Motion Pictures, which developed the idea. Installation of Continental's system, developed by California's Ampex Corp., will cost about \$45,000 a plane. For its Astrovision, made by Sony of Japan, American Airlines pays \$52,000 a plane; it puts out another \$1,000,000 a year just to rent 52 movies. Pan American is studying an in-flight movie system that would cost about

\$5,000,000 to install in its jet fleet.

Cartoonists have had fun with the trend, showing stewardesses peddling Cracker Jacks or children being turned away from an "Adults Only" flight. But for a cost to the line of from \$50 to \$80 a flight, the movies earn their fare.

TWA, for example, has increased its passenger business 28% so far this year, and the movies get at least partial credit. TWA has dropped its \$1 movie charge in economy class, and most other lines will show their movies free to all classes. What the passenger gets is sound and pictures that are surprisingly clear, though the new systems still have some bugs to work out. (American's TV screens are thinly gold-plated to minimize interference with the plane's radar.) The individual earphones can be somewhat uncomfortable after a while, but better, foam-rubber headsets are being installed. The earplugs are sterilized and reused—when that is possible. Last year passengers stole about 50,000 from TWA.

Even a Marquee. Most stewardesses bless the movies, if only because they keep children quiet and adults in their seats. But there are problems. "I sometimes wish I could rip those plugs off their faces," complains an American Airlines stewardess. "I ask, 'Coffee, tea or milk?' and they say 'Yes.' Another problem; as soon as the movie is over, passengers line up 20-deep for the plane's tiny toilets."

The airlines are clearly in show business to stay. Continental actually thought of putting live jazz combos on its planes before settling on its Golden Marquee system, and President Robert Six has hired a veteran movie-industry executive to be director of in-flight entertainment; he has also suggested that all the airlines get together and buy their own movie studio. Many of the movies in flight so far have been of the Doris Day-Rock Hudson genre, but Inflight Motion Pictures has bought the rights to make movies based on the BullDog Drummond series, also plans

to produce TV-length films for short flights and resale to the networks.

Now the railroads want aboard, and Inflight has formed a wholly owned subsidiary called Intransit Motion Pictures to handle the expanding business. At least four railroads are already deep in negotiations. Next month the Baltimore & Ohio will become the first to show movies regularly on the rails: it will introduce movies in the dining car and in a special coach on its Baltimore-Chicago and Baltimore-St. Louis runs. Each evening the program will be announced on lighted marquees above train gates at major railroad stations along the route.

LABOR

A Sort of Ending

It was a silly strike to begin with, and it came to a silly ending. Walter Reuther had insisted that all local work issues—some 17,000 of them—would have to be settled before his United Auto Workers could reach a national agreement with General Motors. On the tenth day of the strike and with almost 300,000 men out of work, he changed his mind, decided that a national settlement would help to iron out local differences. After that, it took only eleven hours of negotiation to reach a national pact. That did not immediately end G.M.'s problems. Because thousands of local work issues remained in dispute, scores of locals stayed out. Instead of a national strike, the union now had local strikes on a national level.

Most of the local strikes are expected to be settled some time this week. But the stoppage has already cut auto production 48% from the same week a year ago, and will cost G.M. several more days before it can get back to normal production. What was the upshot of the walkout? Reuther gained the same 57¢-an-hour package that Ford and Chrysler had given him in September, plus three small concessions. The company promised to put extra men on

the production line at times when the work load becomes unusually heavy, loosely agreed to give some men the option to turn down overtime (for which they are paid time and a half) and more important, agreed that union committeemen, who are paid by the company for 40 hours a week, can devote hours exclusively to union business instead of the present 15. It all amounts to a settlement that Reuther could, most certainly have won without a strike.

Nonetheless, Reuther's score for the year was impressive, and it was enough to cause continuing concern among inflation watchers, who fear that the 4.8% hike in pay and benefits won't be the union—which fractured the Administration's 3.2% guideline—may set a pattern for other industries. Sensing the concern, President Johnson last week expressed the rather optimistic hope that other unions will recognize the "unique" nature of the settlement in this highly profitable, highly productive auto industry and thus will be more restrained in their own demands.

INDUSTRY

An Uncanny Transformation

The tin can, that 154-year-old companion of the housewife, is undergoing an uncanny transformation. The pattern of change began a while ago, but it picked up such speed that it is affecting both habits in the home and the future of an entire industry. Millions of cans no longer require keys or openers; they flip, zip, pop or peel. Cans now come in thin tin or aluminum instead of heavy old tin plate; and in many cases have evolved into containers of paper, plastic or fiber foil. The aerosol can, once limited to a few household uses, now dispenses everything from cake icing to lotion for poison ivy.

Something Different. All of this means more convenience for the housewife, who totes home an average of 840 cans each year, and more upheav-



AMERICAN'S STOLK



NEW CONTAINERS

They flip, zip, pop or peel.



CONTINENTAL'S FOGARTY



Road builders have moved dirt with these since 1914



**Our new way gives the taxpayer
more road for his dollar**

They'll probably never replace the clanking, track-type "bulldozer" in the hearts of small boys. But cost-conscious road builders are more concerned with speed than tradition; that's why they are replacing track-type machines with Clark-built rubber-tire dozers on many jobs. Although slow-moving "crawlers" may sometimes be needed for certain conditions, often just one of Clark's big MICHIGAN® dozers has the speed and power to replace *two* track-type machines. And the taxpayer gets proportionately more for his road dollar. Clark Equipment Company, Buchanan, Michigan.

for the \$5.8 billion container industry, which makes 46 billion cans a year. The industry is dominated by Continental Can Co. and American Can Co., which wrestle with each other to lead it: Continental last year narrowly edged out its rival with \$1,154,000,000 in sales v. \$1,149,000,000, last week announced that its nine-month sales are up 4.4% over last year. But neither, in spite of size, is able to dictate the trends. Says Continental Chairman Thomas C. Fogarty: "The demand for new packages, gimmicks, new opening devices has made our problems 100 times greater than they were a few years ago. The customers all want something that's different from their competitors."

To give them something different, the two companies now churn out a confusion of products—bottle caps, plastic containers and paper cartons among them—although cans still account for more than half their sales. Continental is about to open two new plants to make plastic bags, has just come out with a new plastic motor-oil "can"—the fourth switch in its oil-can materials in as many years. American has just introduced tiny aerosol tubes that contain a seven-day supply of such items as hair spray and shaving cream for travelers, is spinning out a line of two-tone scented toilet tissue and conducting a campaign to replace "the dirtiest thing in the American home—the bathroom glass" with its plastic paper-cup dispenser.

No More Squeeze. Both companies have gone strongly into flip-top cans (or beer and soft drinks: production of flip-tops has risen from 25 million to 3.6 billion in two years. Designers are now working on flip-tops that will remain on the can after it is opened, thus avoid cutting feet when tops are tossed carelessly on floors or beaches. Recently U.S. companies adopted the Swedish idea of covering vacuum-pack coffee cans with plastic lids that can be used to keep the product fresh. Some companies have already taken the next obvious step: putting advertising stress on the containers instead of on the product, as Chase & Sanborn does with its decorated coffee canisters.

The new products have given the can companies a certain advantage in dealing with both the steel mills and customers, who once squeezed them on prices and deliveries when they made nothing but tin cans. "Unless the steel companies produce a better product," says American Can Chairman William C. Stolk, "other industries are going to take steel's place." On the other hand, many big packers (Green Giant, Libby, Campbell Soup) now make their own cans, and glass and aluminum have proved formidable competitors for the can companies, forcing them to diversify steadily. Toward that end, Continental and American each now spend \$18 million a year on research. Both are also looking to overseas markets,

where the packaging upheaval is just beginning in earnest. Continental has granted licenses to 60 foreign firms, including one that makes cans for French wine.

RAILROADS

Much-Wanted Talent

Mergers are becoming so common among U.S. railroads that planning and executing them have become necessary talents for rail executives. Looking around for a new boss to fill the post that has been vacant since the death of Chairman J. D. Farrington three years ago, the directors of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad particularly wanted a man who was savvy about mergers. Reason: the Rock Island not only wants to merge with the larger Union Pacific, which last week made a



ROCK ISLAND'S LANGDON
Merger savvy, highballing west.

new offer to Rock Island stockholders, but is also fighting off a takeover bid by the Chicago & Northwestern. Last week the directors picked a man who seemed ideal for the job: Third-Generation Railroadier Jervis Langdon Jr., 59, who fought off New York Central incursions in 1961 as president of the Baltimore & Ohio, then went on to merge the B. & O. with the Chesapeake & Ohio.

Langdon is more than willing to highball west. Though he has expertly swung the B. & O. from a \$31 million deficit three years ago to anticipated earnings of \$10 million this year, he had a limited future in the combined C. & O.-B. & O. In another round of management shuffles earlier this year, C. & O. Vice President Gregory S. DeVine took over the presidency, as Walter J. Tuohy moved up to vice chairman and chief executive officer (Cleveland's Cyrus S. Eaton remains chairman). DeVine will eventually head both railroads when the physical merger is complete.

This passed over. Langdon was anxious to relinquish the B. & O. presidency,

which was taken over temporarily last week by Tuohy. From his new position as Rock Island chairman, however, Langdon could end up running the big Union Pacific if the Rock Island merges with it. Langdon is highly regarded in rail circles, and both Union Pacific President Arthur E. Stoddard and Chairman E. Roland Harriman are approaching the road's retirement age of 70.

BANKING

Pin-Stripe Invaders

The ads in San Francisco newspapers last week introduced "Miss Lizbeth Rotherwick of Telegraph Hill. Has Heretofore Bateman silver. Collects old Spode. Enjoys pullovers by Pringle. And now she has a special checking account at the Chartered Bank of London." The mythical miss sounds somewhat less than smashing, but the point of the ad was that she did not have to cross a continent and an ocean to open a checking account at Chartered: the London bank recently opened a San Francisco subsidiary. Aware that the U.S. money market can be a happy hunting ground for foreign banks are setting up branches in the U.S. in increasing numbers.

Four dozen foreign banking branches and offices now do business from Washington state to the Virgin Islands, the great majority of them in New York and California. Osaka's Sumitomo Bank opened its sixth California branch last year, and the Bank of Tokyo of California recently started its eighth and ninth branches. In Manhattan, the international banking center, the British have opened four major branches: the Swiss three, the French and Israelis two each, and the Italians, Dutch, Lebanese and Pakistanis one apiece. Last month Brazil's Banco da Lavoura de Minas Gerais opened up in Manhattan, and last week the Bank of Tokyo Trust Co. opened newly expanded offices as kimono-clad Japanese guests served raw fish and Suntory whisky to customers.

The foreign branches work primarily to promote and finance U.S. trade with their home countries. They issue letters of credit, handle trading in foreign securities, assist tycoons and tourists from abroad, arrange dollar loans for foreign companies and foreign-currency loans for U.S. firms with subsidiaries abroad. Some states, notably New York and California, also permit them to do a "retail" business with small local customers. The foreign banks often make adventuresome loans that U.S. banks turn down and fatten their reserves by accepting U.S. deposits, mostly from immigrants with sentimental ties to the old country. They also have some novel ways of attracting U.S. customers. The Manhattan branch of the Israel Discount Bank, for example, offers its own version of the Christmas Club for savings—a Chanukah Club, tied to the Jewish Feast of Lights.



GROUNDWORK. Launch sites and test stands. Networks of precision instrumentation. Electronic brains that fire a space vehicle, guide it, track it, return it safely home. Groundwork is all the achievements—of science, industry, government and the armed services—that support, and make possible, the flight of a single astronaut. □ And groundwork is a vital and major part of Aerojet's role in space. An across-the-board contribution—from the new ground telemetry system at Cape Kennedy...to the giant Saturn Static Test Stand at Marshall Space Flight Center.





Our man at the World's Fair came up with light that's measured by the square foot.

Meet Bill Martyny. He led the General Electric Large Lamp Department engineering team that developed the new square fluorescent panel lamp.

- Visit the New York World's Fair, walk down any street, and you'll see lighting fixtures designed around the G-E Panel Lamp.
- It's a new kind of fluorescent. Square. And compact. But big things are forecast for this lamp that measures 12 x 12 x 1½ inches. In years to come, you'll see the Panel Lamp used in business, industry, and home applications.
- And the Panel Lamp is only one of eleven new General Electric lamp types used at the World's Fair. If you wonder what role these new lamps will play in lighting of the future, remember this: General Electric introduced the first fluorescent lamp at



the 1939 World's Fair. The rest is lighting history.

- But then that's the kind of leadership you expect from General Electric. New lamps. New packaging. New applications. New services. New ideas. The kind of leadership that has created over 10,000 lamp types.
- Whatever your business, whatever your need, call your Large Lamp Agent for service. Or write General Electric Company, Large Lamp Department C-460, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



VISIT GENERAL ELECTRIC PROGRESSLAND • A Walt Disney PRESENTATION • AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

WORLD BUSINESS

ITALY

Changing the Face of a Land

That backward and poverty-stricken bottom half of the Italian boot, *Il Mezzogiorno*, was long considered a good place to be from and a hard place to get to. Economically and physically isolated, a separate and underdeveloped land within a developed nation, the south stood in harsh contrast to Italy's industrialized north. Now all the old ideas about the south may have to be revised. Last week, with flying banners and ecclesiastical pomp, the Italians opened the last stretch of the 468-mile Milan-to-Salerno *Autostrada del Sole*, the first modern highway link between north and south.

The "Superhighway of the Sun," a four-lane expressway that avoids all cities and villages on its course, will move steadily southward and eventually connect with Sicily at the Strait of Messina, serving as a vital economic lifeline for the entire region. It is only the latest of Italy's ambitious efforts to help *Il Mezzogiorno* (which means midday) move, in one great leap, from a medieval society directly into the age of automation.

Many of the 18 million southerners have already skipped centuries, advancing from their primitive agricultural economy into the industrial revolution. In parts, farmers still live in cone-shaped huts more suggestive of the Sudan than of Italy, and peasant women walk three steps behind their hus-

bands. But the south now boasts Italy's biggest steel mill, its biggest oil refinery and its biggest petrochemical plant. Naples, now Italy's second biggest seaport (after Genoa), has become so thoroughly industrialized that there is little more room to expand, and Caserta to the north has grown into a mighty concentration of more than 100 plants. The city of Latina, just below Rome, has risen out of a drained marsh to become a bustling center of steel processing, pharmaceuticals and cinema studios. The discovery of methane gas reserves has brought three major petroleum companies to Ferrandina. At Sicily's port of Augusta, the Esso refinery has attracted so many other industries that Sicilians call the region "piccolo Milano"—little Milan.

Preparing the Way. Government and private enterprise have combined to bring about this transformation. The Italian government has poured in about \$9 billion for roads, power, schools and housing since 1950, has also persuaded the U.S., the World Bank and other international agencies to help out with massive loans. With its *Cassa per il Mezzogiorno*—Fund for the South—the government has lured industry through tax incentives, custom-free importation of plant equipment, easy credit, cash grants, free building sites and worker training programs. Such state-owned enterprises as the holding company I.R.I. and the petroleum company E.N.I. are required to channel their major investments south of Rome: in the Naples area, I.R.I. has built a plant for almost every one of its many industrial lines.

Private corporations also have been moving south, attracted partly by the government incentives, partly by the south's low-cost labor and the challenge of a relatively untapped market. Such Italian giants as Olivetti, Montecatini and Alfa Romeo have built plants, and several others have decided to shift their headquarters from Milan to Rome to be closer to the south. One after another, U.S. companies have also opened southern plants—American Cyanamid, Esso, Gulf, Goodyear, Litton Industries, Pfizer, Raytheon, Remington Rand and Willys.

City Transformed. The south's most spectacular new industry is the \$500 million steel mill at the old port city of Taranto, which was partly constructed by U.S. Steel. Built by the state-controlled Italsider, a subsidiary of I.R.I., the plant will start its first blast furnace this month, and by early 1965 will be producing steel at the rate of 2,200,000 tons a year and employing 4,500 workers. But the plant's impact has already transformed Taranto, a once decaying city where not long ago electric lights and running water were still dreams of some far-distant future. A cement plant



AUTOMATION AT TARANTO STEEL PLANT
The future has already arrived.

has risen to serve the steel mill, and the old docks have taken on a new bustle. Workers are buying motor scooters and small cars, thus opening the way for new filling stations and garages; Royal Dutch-Shell already plans to open a new refinery. Taranto's per capita income has doubled in four years.

The most profound change in *Il Mezzogiorno* has been the slow development of an "industrial mentality" among people who had never known anything but manual work. At Brindisi, where Caesar's legions put to sea for Egypt and Syria, Montecatini and Shell have joined to build a \$300 million petrochemical complex where nearly every worker has to have some kind of skill. "You should have seen our raw material," says Mario Natta, the plant manager. "They were agricultural day laborers, peasants, garbage collectors, street sweepers—and we have transformed them into skilled workers in an automated industry."

As the new mentality deepens and broadens, other companies will have an easier time setting up shop, and the southerners will have more opportunities to earn a decent living without leaving home. In fact, the tide of migration has already started to turn: southerners, hearing of what is happening in the south, are moving back—and bringing with them the valuable skills acquired in the north.

JAPAN

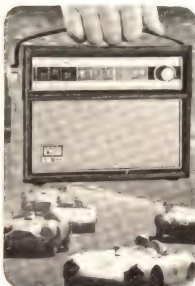
Clockers of the Games

Next to the athletes, the most vital ingredients in the Olympic Games are the precision timepieces needed to clock the contests, whose outcomes sometimes depend on millisecond differences. Last week, as the 18th Games got under way in Tokyo, the official timepieces were not European for the first time in Olympics history. They were Japanese, and they all bore one name: Seiko, the brand mark of K. Hattori & Co., Ltd.,



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The switch made sense. Duplicating its efforts in cameras and transistor radios, Japan has quietly become a top producer of watches, aggressively competing around the world against the long-unchallenged watchmakers of Europe. Japanese watch production has ticked upward from 2,000,000 annually to 11,700,000 in a decade, now ranks fourth behind that of Switzerland, Russia and the U.S.

Split-Second Timing. Hattori, founded in 1881 by a clock salesman of that name, started out as a shoestring importer of foreign timepieces, later pioneered Japan's own watch industry. Destroyed by a 1923 earthquake, Hattori rebuilt, only to be leveled again by U.S. bombers. That disaster proved to be a blessing. In starting from scratch the third time, the company virtually scrapped hand-assembly methods, today makes 75% of its watches by machine. As a result of its super-efficiency, Hattori claims to have been for five years the non-Communist world's largest maker of jeweled-lever watches. Last year it turned out 5,900,000 wristwatches, 53% of the Japanese total, this year expects its output to rise to 7,000,000.

In 1959, when Tokyo was selected as the 1964 Olympics site, Hattori shrewdly picked a delegation of technicians to attend the 1960 Games in Rome, where they carefully studied timing problems and techniques. When the Tokyo Olympic Organizing Committee asked whether there was a Japanese company capable of providing time clocks for the 1964 Games, for the sake of national honor, Hattori was ready. Last week, after an investment of \$850,000 in research, Hattori's men unveiled 1,300 ingenious Olympic time devices. They ranged from nine varieties of split-second stop watches to an electronic judge of swimming events that: 1) clocks swimmers to 1/1,000th of a second; 2) memorizes individual lap times of up to nine swimmers at a time; and 3) prints all scores on a sheet of paper the instant the race is over, thus eliminating time-consuming human calculation.

Pushing the Undersell. For its services Hattori is paid only in prestige. "I hope some of the foreign visitors will remember us after the Olympics," says Company President Shoji Hattori, 64, second son of the late founder. To refresh their memories, Hattori salesmen are stepping up their export drive, in the past year have broken the Swiss monopoly in Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, where Seiko watches now sell at the rate of 9,000 a month. Another target is the U.S. market, which Hattori has heretofore tapped largely by supplying movements to Benrus. Despite forbidding U.S. tariffs, Hattori is beginning a U.S. sales campaign for Seiko, retailing 17-jewel wristwatches for \$29.75, just over half the price of a Swiss equivalent.



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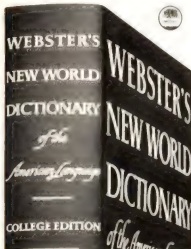
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MILESTONES

Died, George Schlee, 63, husband of Dress Designer Valentina, better known as Greta Garbo's companion for the past 15 years, who managed a very European *ménage à trois*, smoothly explaining to his wife, "I love her, but she will never want to get married, and anyway you and I have so much in common": of a heart attack; in the suite that he and Garbo were sharing at Paris' Hotel Crillon.

Died, Eddie Cantor, 72, comedian, philanthropist, author of three autobiographies, whose purse-mouthed, pop-eyed, hand-clapping routines delighted three generations of Americans; of a heart attack; in Beverly Hills, Calif. Born Izzy Iskowitz on Manhattan's Lower East Side, Cantor sang, danced and joked his way to stardom on Broadway (*Banjo Eyes*) and in Hollywood (*Kid Boots*), pioneered live comedy on radio and TV, set the U.S. humming such ditties as *Ida and Oh How She Can Yicky Yacki Wicki Wacki Woo*. Stricken with heart trouble in 1952, grieved by the death of his wife and eldest daughter, he donated most of his later years and many of his millions to charity. But charity had always been a big thing with Cantor; he was instrumental in founding the March of Dimes in 1936.

Died, Dr. Winfred Overholser, 72, specialist in criminal psychiatry and longtime superintendent (1937-62) of Washington's St. Elizabeths (mental) Hospital, who believed that the mentally ill are not responsible for their crimes, in 1957 won a point when he persuaded the U.S. Government to drop treason charges against poet Ezra Pound, testifying that Pound's wartime broadcasts "were the result of incurable insanity"; after a long illness; in Washington.

Died, The Very Rev. Jean Baptiste Janssens, 74, Superior General of the 33,000-member Society of Jesus (Jesuits) since 1946; of complications following a stroke; in Rome. An austere Belgian, Janssens was best known for the General Congregation he called in 1957 to propose that his own absolute authority be diluted, but which came to naught after Pope Pius XII warned that obedience should not be replaced by "a 'democratic equality' in which subjects argue with their superiors."

Died, Eugene Varga, 84, Soviet economist, who in 1946 stunned the Communist world—and discredited himself—by writing that 1) the U.S. would not suffer a severe postwar depression, 2) capitalist nations would not necessarily undergo revolution, and 3) Communism and capitalism could coexist, views that eventually returned Varga to grace after Stalin's death, when the Kremlin revamped its party line; in Moscow.



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CINEMA

As a Man Grows Older

The *Soft Skin*. In U.S. cinematic circles, the triangle is considered square. Among French moviemakers, on the contrary, it is respected as a fundamental unit of the social structure. Year after year, with relentless Gallic rationality, the finest French directors elaborate ever more complex problems of emotional trigonometry. In *The Soft Skin*, however, Director François Truffaut (*The 400 Blows*, *Jules and Jim*) describes a given triangle with perfect simplicity, perfect elegance. If only he had let it go at that.

At the apex stands a middle-aged intellectual (Jean Desailly). A middle-aged schoolboy, from the look of him. He has the bookish pallor and the sedentary sag, the big bright eyes and the soft little mouth of a clever child who knows plenty about Balzac but not much about life. About women he knows nothing—not even what his own wife (Nelly Benedetti) is really like. About himself he knows only that all work and no play has made Jacques a rather dull boy.

Then all at once he is famous. All at once he has the lucre and the leisure to make up for what he has missed. All at once his eye begins to rove.

On a trip to Lisbon it sees something he likes: a pretty airline stewardess (Françoise Dorléac) who seems to like him too. They spend a night together in Lisbon, and back in Paris they meet again. By chance his wife gets wind of the affair. They quarrel bitterly. He walks out. The experience leaves him shaken and confused, but as an intellectual he knows how to reason his feelings away. "I am a free man now," he nervously assures himself. "Free to take the woman I really want." Proudly he asks the stewardess to marry him. Gently she replies: thanks, but no thanks. And walks out.

The camera turns to the hero's face. It looks blank, a civilized blank. As

though, perhaps, he had suddenly seen someone coming toward him, someone he loathed and had always avoided but now would be forced to confront: an aging, suety and slightly repulsive intellectual. Himself.

The frame has a quality of finality. It says everything worth saying about the character and the situation. Unfortunately, Director Truffaut finds something more to say, something more appropriate to a flick about flies than a study of sensibilities. In the last reel the rejected wife, smiling the smile of the eternal feminine, takes down her trusty shotgun and BAM!

There goes the whole shooting match? Not really. Even when Truffaut does something wrong he does it well. He is a master cinemamechanic whose skill increases with every picture. His cutting is a study in narrative acceleration, and his camera never vaingloriously catches at effects, as it sometimes did in *Jules and Jim*. As for the players, Dorléac and Benedetti impeccably represent types. But Desailly profoundly illumines an individual, a boy who plays the love game for fun and discovers too late that women play for keeps.

Roamin' Holiday

Let's Talk About Women is a comedy about nine Italian men. All of them are played by Vittorio Gassman (*The Easy Life*), an actor of great charm and almost inexhaustible versatility, who seems determined to prove that the legendary Latin lover is really just a big blob of mozzarella. In his fall collection of heavy breathers, the evidence sure is persuasive.

Gassman's Roman rakes include: 1) a dolt who goes home with a prostitute and finds that she is married to an old school chum; 2) a sodden playboy whose haymate, ample Antonella Luadi, tumbles out of bed just in time to get dressed for her wedding; 3) an impatient Lothario who checks into a motel and seduces the chambermaid



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Unfortunately, before the prospector relates his own near-farical version of what happened, *The Outrage* has already set the audience snickering. Even Howe's limp, meticulous photography cannot redeem the dialogue, which the actors often appear to be addressing to Destiny rather than to one another, perhaps out of kindness. Actress Bloom intones: "He couldn't touch all we've been to each other." Newman's bandit is a growling comic-strip Mexican who leers: "You cooked dee pot of tamale. I juz' took off dee lid." And in the film's bumbling climax, ironic tragedy turns to fatuity when Harvey belly-whoppers into a clump of sage, staggers to his feet, notes a bejeweled dagger protruding bloodlessly from his chest and announces coyly: "Ah tripped."

WRITER: JIMMAN



BUDDHIST ARCHERS IN "NEW YORK"
Sampling the melting pot.

City Under Glass

Only One New York is a safari through the urban jungle. It was written and faultlessly photographed by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau, the French explorer who led a 1959 expedition to the head-hunting wilderness of Dutch New Guinea and returned with the remarkable documentary, *The Sky Above—The Mud Below*. His new film attempts to explore New York City in much the same way. "Never has there been a city in the world like this," glows Gaisseau, as his camera ogles the sheer canyons of lower Manhattan. "It occurs to me that people who expect a bomb to fall don't build their walls of glass. A city of glass is like a declaration of peace."

What follows are views of life among such ethnic fringe groups as Brooklyn's Hasidic Jews, a band of Rumanian gypsies at Coney Island, a voodoo cult in Harlem, Japanese Buddhists on Riverside Drive, New Year revelers in Chinatown. Paradoxically, while poking through the city's sociological byways, Gaisseau misses the singular flavor of New York almost entirely. Like many other well-meaning tourists, he makes a superficial tour of the melting pot but overlooks the fire that keeps it going—the fast, fierce, savvy modernity of a great metropolis.



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OW by John Cheever. 275 pages. Har-
per & Row. \$4.95.

Lazing beside the Westerhazys' green pool one Sunday afternoon, Neddy Merrill decides to swim home. It pleases him to imagine that his neighbors' swimming pools form the course of a broad river winding through fertile fields to the grounds of his own fine house. He names the river after his wife Lucinda and sets out at a choppy crawl. At the Grahams' he is given a drink, and at the Bunkers', where a pool party is going on, he gets another. "Oh, how bonny and lush were the banks of the Lucinda River! Prosperous men and women gathered by the sapphire-colored waters, while caterers' men in white coats passed them cold gin."

But the afternoon turns cold. Neddy tires, and beyond the difficult portage of Route 424 he begins to see odd unfamiliarities that are not on his mental map. The lawns of friends are weed-grown; for-sale signs appear. There is another pool party, but the hostess, who is a social inferior, snubs him. Someone offers a word of sympathy for Neddy's financial troubles, and Neddy, vaguely uneasy, cannot recall that he has any. Chilled, and more tired than seems reasonable, he doggedly swims the last leg of his trip and hurries home to his wife and four tennis-playing daughters. They are gone: the house is locked and empty, and it is obvious that no one has lived there for a long time.

Real Edges. The story is typical of one preoccupation of John Cheever (TIME cover, March 27): the prosperous suburbanite who turns an unsuspected corner and falls off the edge of things into outer darkness. In synopsis,



JOHN CHEEVER

The subtler terrors of suburbia.

the occult shading of these stories can seem affected, but Cheever is persuasive. His edges are real, and the corners that one turns to reach them seem very near.

Kafka evokes the terror of a citizen forced by a faceless and brutalizing state to stand trial for an unspecified crime. Cheever writes of a subtler terror: that of citizens richly and pointlessly rewarded by an equally faceless society. Unsupported by arrogance of family or formal rank, equipped with no irreplaceable skill, the well-to-do suburbanite wonders vaguely and passionately why he deserves the country clubs, the trips to Bermuda and the swimming pools. More sharply, he wonders how long it will last. Will the money stop? Will the unpredictable demons of alimony or Internal Revenue turn treacherous? The sickness unto death is not the artisan's fear that his arm will go lame; the suburbanite arm could not earn him the price of his quinine water. It is a less specific and less bearable fear: there are gods to be appeased, and the suburbanite has forgotten even their names.

On Classic Lines. The gods were more elaborately and profoundly explored in Cheever's *Wapshot Chronicle*. These stories are in his lesser mode. In fact, the stratagem of treating suburbia as if it were a sacred grove, with every flowering tree an imprisoned nymph, works best when it is worked least. One story, for instance, begins: "Larry Actaeon was built along classical lines . . ." and the reader, with the help of a mythological dictionary, recalls that Actaeon observed Diana at her bath and was punished by being turned into a stag and torn apart by hounds. All too patly, Larry Actaeon sees a lady partner in his investment-banking firm naked in the office of an associate and later that day is killed by his own savage dogs. But the precision with which the story follows the outlandish myth obscures its point, which is that there are edges over which even investment bankers may tumble.

The mode is much more successful in the last, and best, story in the *Metamorphoses* series, when Cheever keeps only the mood of magical transformation. Goaded by the Surgeon General's report, Mr. Bradish gives up tobacco and his sanity: "Late in the party, a young woman wearing a light sack or tube-shaped dress, her long hair the color of Virginia tobacco, came in at the door. In his ardor to reach her, he knocked over a table and several glasses. It was, or had been up to that point, a decorous party, but the noise of broken glass, followed by the screaming of the stranger when he wrapped his legs around her and buried his nose in her tobacco-colored hair, were barbarous."

It has been a long time since anyone fell off such an edge or wrote a story so funny.



ROBERT LOWELL

Occasionally obscure to tease the mind.

Poet of the Particular

FOR THE UNION DEAD by Robert Lowell. 72 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$3.95.

"The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows," Robert Frost once wrote in a poem; and another New Englander, Robert Lowell, has created a whole body of durable poetry on that notion.

Lowell is the poet par excellence of the particular. Too prosy for some tastes, he insists that poems must incorporate the prosiness of life; poetry must be as important as prose. He ignores the usual poetical devices that are calculated to woo a reader, makes no concession to sound for its own sake. As he describes Hawthorne in one poem, his head is often bent down, "Brooding, brooding, eyes fixed on some chip, some stone, some common plant, the commonest thing, as if it were the clue."

The early Lowell was more flamboyant. His verse was intricately allegorical and grandly rhetorical, as in the killing of the great white whale, that symbol of suffering, in *The Quaker Graveyard in Nantucket*:

The death lance churns into the
sanctuary, tears

The gun-blue swingle, heaving like a
flail,

And hucks the coiling life out: it
works and drags

And rips the sperm-whale's midriff
into rags.

Goblets of blubber spill to wind and
weather.

Eventually the seas subsided, the storm abated, and the majestic, tormented whale dropped out of Lowell's poetry. In *Life Studies*, in fact, Lowell discarded the whole allegorical-religious baggage and became directly, fiercely, even embarrassingly, personal. The poems dealt with his immediate family: his

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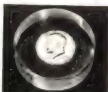


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father, whom he despised; his mother, whom he tolerated; his grandfather, whom he loved. His verse was often unfashionably raw and impassioned:

*The nineteenth century, tired of children, is gone
They've all gone into a world of light; the farm's my own. . .
Grandpa! Have me, hold me, cherish me!*

Tears smut my fingers.

Lowell's latest book of verse, *For the Union Dead*, is in the manner of *Life Studies*, but Lowell is making his way back into the world again. The best of these poems have a compactness of phrase that evokes a time and a place with a vividness that comes from "meditation on the true and insignificant," as in the poem, *The Mouth of the Hudson*:

*A single man stands like a bird-watcher,
and scuffles the pepper and salt snow
from a discarded, gray
Westinghouse Electric cable drum.
He cannot discover America by
counting
the chains of condemned freight-trains
from thirty states . . .
Across the river,
ledges of suburban factories tan
in the sulphur-yellow sun
of the unforgivable landscape.*

Yet Lowell's grim landscape is relieved by people, people hallowed by compassion. Lowell's compassion has been tested. Great chunks of his life have been spent in misery and in mental asylums (an experience he has duly and dispassionately recorded in a poem). Now, for the first time, he has kind words for his father; for Jonathan Edwards, symbol of rigid Puritanism; even for that total tyrant, Caligula: ". . . yours the lawlessness! Of something simple that has lost its law."

There are poems of lost loves and broken marriages:

*Everything's changed for the best—
How quivering and fierce we were,
There snowbound together,
simmering like wasps
in our tent of hooks!*

But in the best classical sense, Lowell is a balanced poet. Good and evil are poised in his poetry. His darkly glowing poem on Florence is a reminder that beauty, art and civilization are purchased at a high price:

*Oh Florence, Florence, patroness
Of the lovely tyrannicides!
Perseus, David and Judith,
Lords and Ladies of the Blood,
Greek demi-gods of the Cross,
Rise sword in hand above the
unshaven.*

*Formless decapitation
Of the monsters, tub of guts,
Mortifying chunks for the pack,
Pity the monsters!
Pity the monsters!*

*Perhaps one always took the wrong
side—
Ah, to have known, to have loved*



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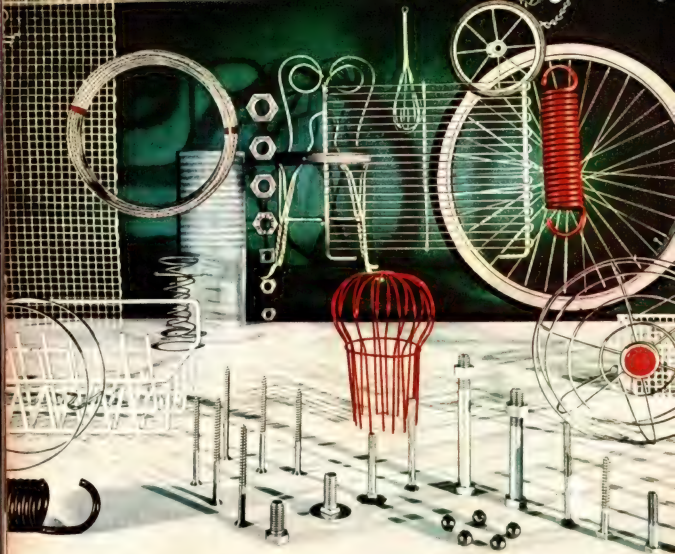
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Too many Davids and Yaddits!
My heart bleeds black blood for the monster.

Lowell is occasionally obscure, and even his most explicit poems contain elusive overtones that tease the mind—sometimes hauntingly, now and then irritatingly. Few poems end in a tidy moral or a neat epigram. But the fact is that the poetry lives—images linger in the mind, the thing described is seen with stunning clarity: Lowell somehow builds emotion with the most mundane words and images. After reading the title poem, who will forget the statue of the gallant colonel at the head of his Negro soldiers, standing defiant amidst the bulldozers of Boston Common, a reproachful reminder of the forgotten fervor of the old Boston abolitionists, while around him "everywhere, giant finned cars nose forward like fish; a savage servility slides by on grease."

—JACOB KORNBLAU



THOMAS BERGER

Why Custer wasn't scalped.

Jack Crabb, Oldtimer

LITTLE BIG MAN by Thomas Berger. 440 pages. Dial. \$5.95.

Dear sir I heard you was trying to fine me—I reckon it's me you was trying to fine on account I never heard of anybody else among these here old burned out wrecks at this home who was ever a hero like myself and participated in the glorious history of the Olden Time Frontier and new them all Genl Custer. Setting Bull, Wild Bill, etc or went through the so-called Little Bighorn fight or Custer's Last Stand.

I am being held prisoner here. I am One Hundred and 11 year old and if I had my single action Colt's I wd shoot my way out but I aint got it. Being your a riter and all I will sell my story for 50 Thousand dollar which I figure to be cheap.

In this fashion, Author Thomas Berger introduces Jack Crabb, who surely

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Susan Spottless says:
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must be one of the most delightfully absurd fictional fossils ever unearthed from the Olden Time Frontier. Berger solemnly declares that Crabb was "either the most neglected hero in the history of this country or a liar of insane proportions." Crabb, in fact, is both, which is just what Berger intended him to be. As relished by Crabb in Berger's telling, the legends and the romanticized history of the West are comically disassembled, like Hamlets seen from backstage. Typical is Crabb's meeting with Wyatt Earp. "You just spoke my name," says the skinny stranger. "I don't know your name," says Jack. "It is Earp," says the stranger. "Oh," says Jack, "what I done was helch."

Wild Bill Hickok appears as the sort of feller who loved to talk about guns with the expertise of an Ian Fleming. "Now then, about that S & W you carry," said Wild Bill. "It is a handsome weapon, but the shells have a bad habit of erupting and jamming the chambers. I'd lay the piece aside and get me something else: a Colt's, with the Thuer conversion." Crabb reports that Hickok knew an hombre who carried a small pistol in his crotch. When cornered, the fellow would ask permission to relieve himself before dying, open his fly, and fire. "The trouble was one time he got overhasty and shot off his male parts."

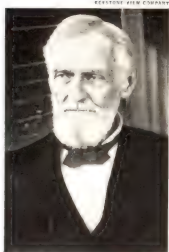
Between and between, Berger-Crabb is a spellbinding storyteller with a fine feel for frontier manners and morals and for fascinating Indian lore. And why didn't the Sioux scalp Custer? Jack Crabb knows (because he was there): Custer was getting bald.

Justice for a Rebel

JEFFERSON DAVIS by Hudson Strode.
556 pages. Harcourt, Brace & World.
\$7.50

With perverse sentimentality, posterity often remembers history's losers more fondly than the luckier or more competent heroes who beat them. But nothing like this loan of Arc or Mary Queen of Scots effect has occurred in the case of Jefferson Davis. The public memory retains his name, but his deeds and character are dimmer than Hannibal's. Perhaps it is because Davis refused to let himself be forgiven, and went on proclaiming the rightness of the South's cause until his death in 1889. Or it may be that the popular taste for gallant losers is satisfied in this historical instance by the courtly warrior, Robert E. Lee. At any rate, the dimness of Davis' reputation, even among Southerners, is attested by the fact that Hudson Strode's three-volume biography is not only the best modern work on Davis; it is virtually the only one.

Partisan View. The book is clearly partisan, and Strode, who is emeritus professor of English at the University of Alabama, frankly admits that he is presenting "the Southern viewpoint." He obviously believes that Davis was correct in his fundamentalist reading of



JEFF DAVIS (CIRCA 1889)
Victim of a classical passion.

the Constitution, that the South was justified in seceding, and that the Civil War was a close parallel to the American Revolution, in that it, too, was a war for independence. His references to slaves almost invariably mention the great loyalty and contentment. This third and last volume, bears the title *Jefferson Davis: Tragic Hero*, and Strode writes in his introduction: "I can find no fatal 'flaw' in the Davis character like to that which Shakespeare gives his heroes to bring about their own ruin, unless it be a passion he shared with the classic Greeks: a almost fanatical belief in freedom of government."

The reader who stops short of seeing Davis as tragic must admit that he was an extraordinary man, whose best quality was an inflexible devotion to principle. Davis had been a minor but authentic hero of the Mexican War, a exemplary Secretary of War under Franklin Pierce and, up to a few weeks before he was called to the presidency of the seceding states, an outstanding member of the U.S. Senate. His treatment after the Civil War was shameful. President Andrew Johnson signed a proclamation, ridiculous in charging him with complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, and he was kept in prison for two years—the first week in leg irons—before being released without a trial. His personal hardships were increased by the death, in infancy or early youth, of his four sons.

Near Treason. But Davis is remembered because he was President of the Confederacy. Strode, listing his achievements, writes that he was "perhaps the only political chief in history who successfully organized a new nation in the course of pursuing a mighty war." But did he? Davis' constitution, with its emphasis on states' rights, left it up to the individual Governors to contribute troops and supplies only as they felt inclined. The Governors of Georgia and North Carolina particularly were ob-

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structure to a degree that, in a more centralized nation, would have been treason. Governor Joseph E. Brown of Georgia pettishly sent the whole state militia on furlough at one crucial point in 1864; Governor Zebulon Vance of North Carolina hoarded huge quantities of military supplies. Strode observes that "the President must have reflected somewhat bitterly what a difference these hoarded commodities would have made to Lee's men during the grueling siege of Petersburg. But he had been unable to persuade the Governor to relinquish his stores."

Apparently, it did not occur to Davis that a governmental system in which a President was required to "persuade" a state Governor to contribute supplies during a wartime emergency was ridiculously unworkable.

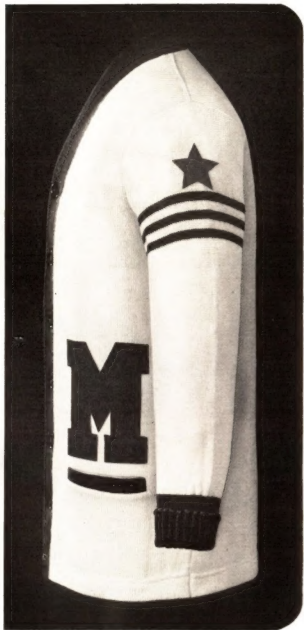
It was, of course, a remarkable achievement for Davis to have imposed as much order as he did on a military situation in which the odds were almost always poor. But Strode, perhaps in an effort to make up for all of the wrongs done to Davis in those times and since, asks that he be listed among history's great chiefs. He was neither a great chief nor a tragic hero, and a more measured appraisal would have done him more justice.

Too Many Subtitles

A KIND OF ANGER by Eric Ambler.
311 pages. Atheneum. \$4.95.

A wealthy Iraqi refugee is shot to death in the bedroom of his secluded Swiss villa. A black Mercedes 300S piloted by a beautiful girl roars away into the snowy night. The refugee turns out to have been the ex-chief of Iraq's security forces, who was conspiring against his government. The vanished girl turns out to be his French mistress, Lucia Bernardi. There is a missing suitcase full of documents. There are oil interests. And when the police of three countries are stumped, there is even Piet Maas, a brilliant, disillusioned young Dutch journalist who is told by his boss to Find That Girl! Cut! Next scene: the sunny Riviera . . .

Ten times in the past 27 years, Author Ambler has taken ingredients not unlike these and distilled his own aromatic blend of 160-proof suspense—sometimes with the smoky overtones of his early *A Coffin for Dimitrios*, sometimes with the dry, truity tang of last year's *The Light of Day* (bubblingly filmed by Jules Dassin as *Topkapi*). This time, unfortunately, somebody's been tinkering with the formula. As Piet and Lucia go through their appointed rounds of deception and huff-and-puff chase, the reader begins to realize that too many of the motivations are phony, too much of the real action takes place off-screen, while too much of the on-screen talk comes out with a kind of freshly translated stiffness, as though the characters were speaking directly in English subtitles.



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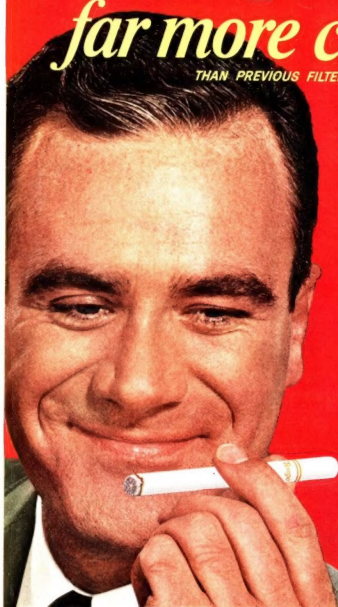
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